JANUARY 11, 1941

AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

Calendar 1941

JANUARY

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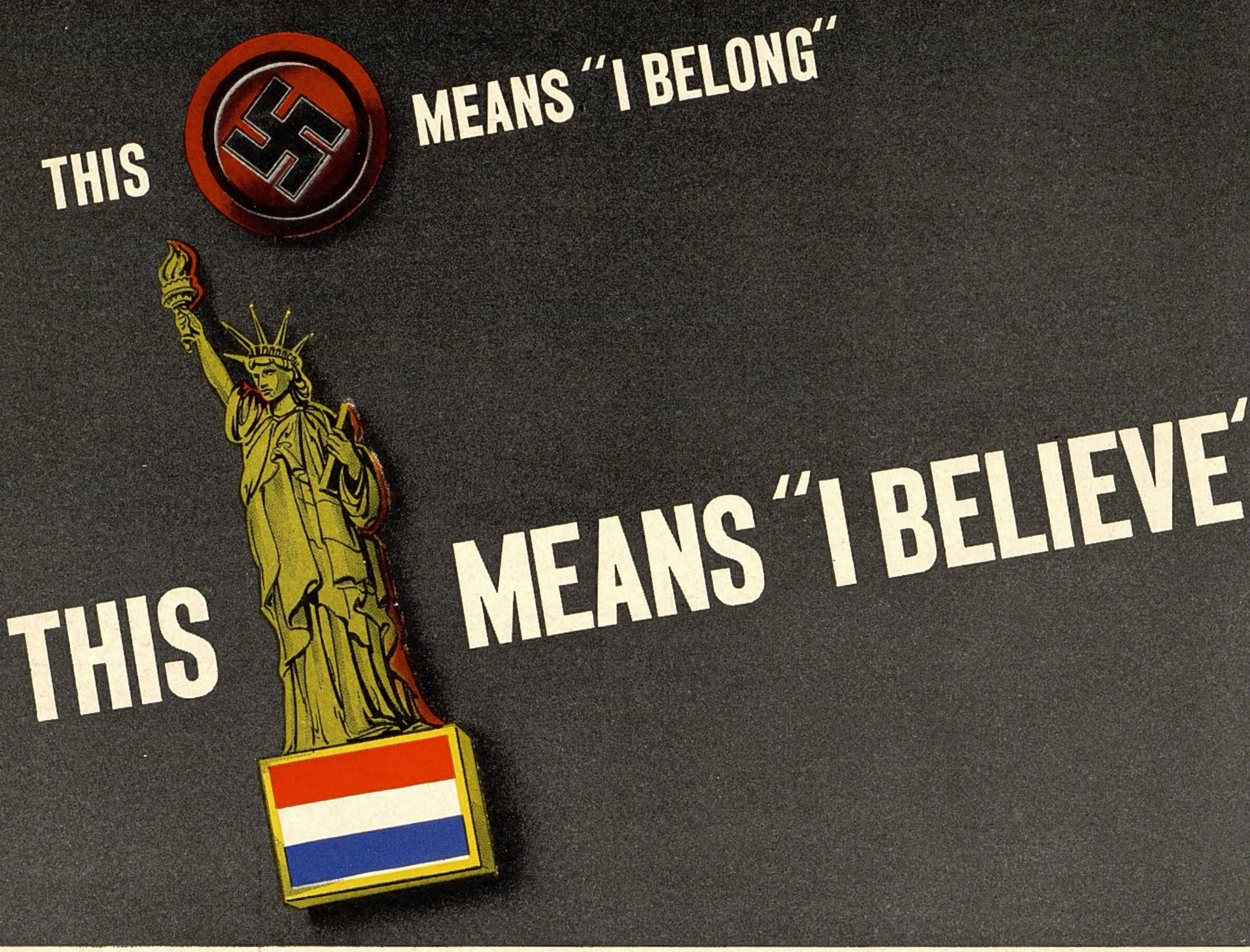
OCT. 12, LEGALIZED IN THIRTY-ONE STATES AND PUERTO RICO

★ THANKSGIVING DAY—ONE WEEK EARLIER IN SOME STATES BY PROCLAMATION



THE SWASTIKA on a Nazi's arm means only that he belongs to "the party", that he's "one of the boys." It is his license to swagger over mere Germans, his membership card in the world's most brutal and powerful political club.

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Liberty, the magazine, was founded to promote liberty—the American way of life. Liberty Magazine sponsors "The Emblem of Liberty" for those Americans who want to show how they feel in these threatening times. For those who recognize the duties that make possible the priveleges of citizenship, who want to be more actively Americans.

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(Actual Size)

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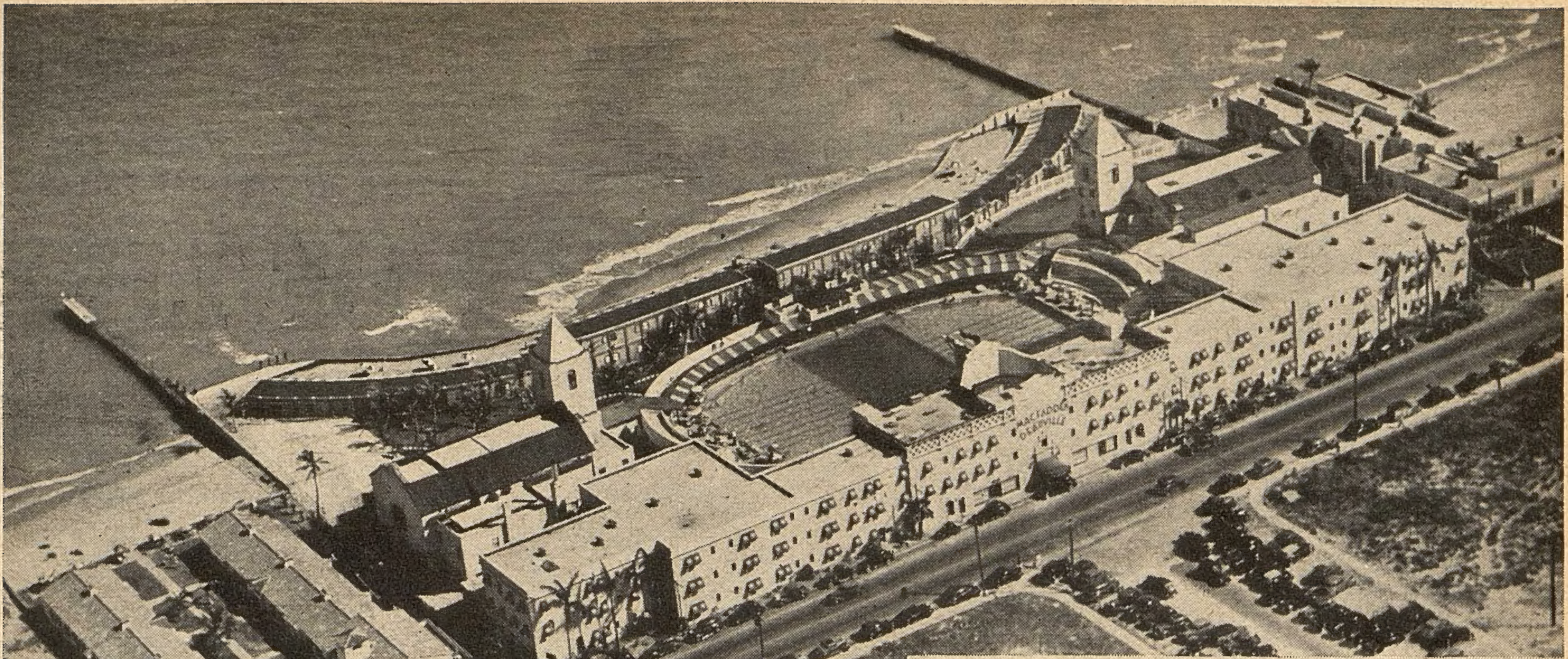

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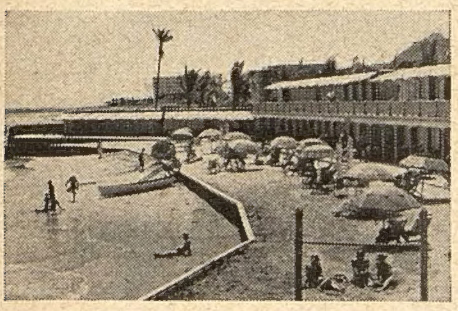

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JANUARY 11, 1941

Liberty

VOL. 18, NO. 2

BERNARR MACFADDEN
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EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
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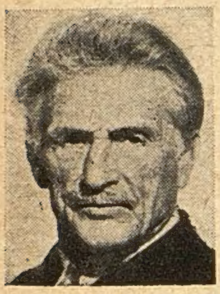
THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

But few of the voters in the last campaign had any idea that the principles of what we might call "Americanism" were at stake. Perhaps the voting strength of the minority, more than twenty-two million, may to a certain extent restrain those desirous of passing further legislation which interferes with personal liberties.

The American way of life—how we love it! In former years we were boastful. We gloried in our freedom. Fiery oratory burst forth from thousands of rostrums on Fourth of July and other patriotic holidays.

Here we are masters of our own fate. We can carve our own careers. Here we are rewarded, at times magnificently, for hard work. Every day our duties can be assumed with spirited zest. Work can become an interesting game—you love it!

The psychologists have told us that the average individual rarely develops more than 10 per cent of his attainable abilities; that latent, sleeping powers lie within the soul of every human unit. And genius—why, that's simply the product of hard work!

Enthusiasm, energy, determination, superlative vigor, these are the characteristics which need proper stimulation to develop outstanding efficiency, the source of our marvelous progress in the last generation. And its evolvement has been made possible through the freedom willed to us by our ancestors. Riches beyond our wildest dreams have come to us as a country. Success has been a constellation of brilliant stars which has had a compelling attraction.

Inspiring enthusiasm encourages fantastic dreams, and sometimes they are made real—they come true: Lindbergh, when he flew across the ocean, had been dreaming about this feat for years. "Wrong-Way" Corrigan had prepared for his extraordinary achievement from the time he began his first solo.

Carnegie, who started as a weaver's assistant in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, for little more than one dollar a week, could not in his wildest imagination have visioned his extraordinary achievements, and numerous Carnegie libraries, valued at millions of dollars, commemorate his astonishing success. He was a practical idealist. He knew how to grasp opportunities. And the same can be said of Edison when he was working as a telegraph operator. Whenever we read with the aid of an electric light, whenever daylight is viewed at the midnight hour, it is Mr. Edison to whom gratitude must be extended, and the electric light is only one of numerous inventions which have revolutionized modern life.

And there is Henry Ford. Could he possibly have visualized the billions of dollars at his command when he was tinkering with his first automobile? His wealth has reclaimed millions of inaccessible acres, has added to the success and happiness of people throughout the world.

It was the automobile engine that gave us the power required to fly airplanes. And to such men as Chrysler and Firestone, who went through their daily duties in overalls in their younger years, we owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., at one time toiled as a bookkeeper. The majestic towering monuments of Rockefeller Center in New York City are only one of the products of his genius. Hundreds of millions of his wealth were given away for beneficent purposes. Graham Bell, now passed into the great beyond, was an humble workman at one time.

No other country in the world has given the common man such astonishing opportunities. No other country has produced such masterful evidence of creative energy. And are we at the end of the road? Is there nothing more to discover? Is it not worth while for us to continue to enjoy the liberties which have fostered such stupendous achievements? Here we have a world revolutionized—all the products of Americansim.

The American way of life: freedom from restrictions, the ability to make your own way in life without hindrance, with the knowledge that merit will be allowed to win its own reward, that the devouring evil of favoritism will not interfere with advancement. All these priceless privileges have been the source of our extraordinary riches.

The American way of life—we want to keep it. We *must* keep it! But our lawmakers must be carefully watched. Slowly but surely we have been moving away from the governmental principles that we have enjoyed for more than a century and a half. We have allowed restrictions gradually to slip into our legislation which are definitely opposed to the American way of life.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"HELLO DADDY, I WAS PROMOTED"!

... little voice commands vast system

Mary picks up her Bell telephone. Her voice travels over miles of wire on poles or under streets. It travels on to the intricate equipment at the central office, attended by alert, experienced people. The response is instant, and Mary's important message goes through!

Here is some of this mechanism in a typical city exchange — part of the complex network manufactured by Western Electric. It is all made to exacting standards of quality by skilled men and women, with the inner urge to produce equipment worthy of a great public service.

Western Electric *... is back of your Bell Telephone service*

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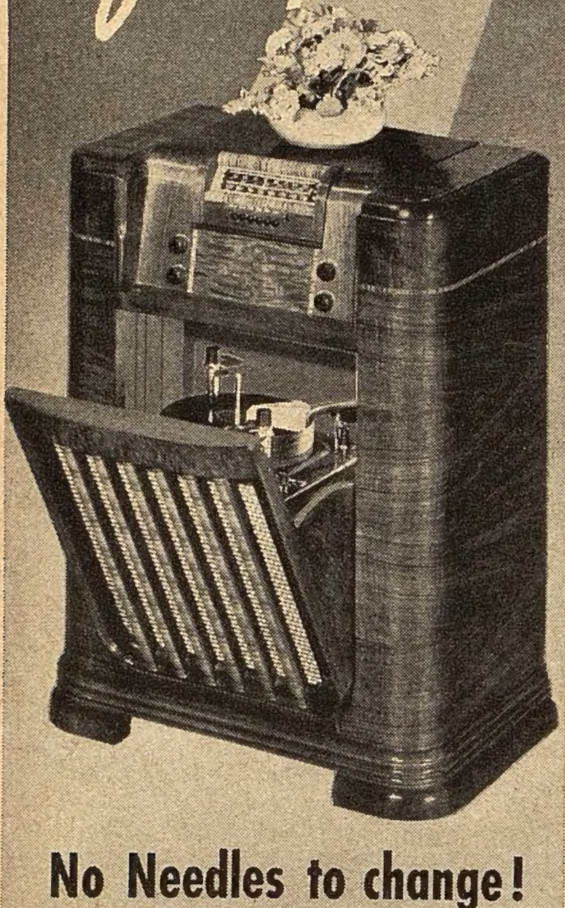
plays *any* record on a
Beam of Light!



No Needles to change!
Records last
10 times longer!
New Purity of Tone!

Philco invention has brought new delights to the enjoyment of recorded music with this *new kind* of radio-phonograph! Think of it, you never have to change needles . . . your precious records last 10 times longer . . . you hear hidden overtones of beauty in your records that are revealed for the first time! All this because of a brand-new principle that *reflects* the music on a beam of light from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. The TILT-FRONT CABINET, too, is new! No lid to lift . . . no need to remove decorations. Home Recording is optional equipment.

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VOX POP

War Vets, Let There Be No Race Lines!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—When I first heard of the Jewish War Veterans being organized, I looked up a friend of mine who had considerable to do with its promotion. He and I had been fellow students at school, fellow members of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. I told him what I thought of the matter and offered to punch his nose, for, to say the least, I was plenty mad. All my life I have talked race tolerance and this looked like a direct slap in the face.

He convinced me, however, that their motive was to carry on Americanization work in a better way, so many of their people having come from all quarters of the world. He was so sincere about it that I agreed to help in every way possible.

But now I have had another decided upset. Tuned in for the opening of the draft at Washington, D. C., I almost had heart failure when I discovered that the National Commander of the Irish War Veterans was to pick something out of the fish bowl. The Irish don't need Americanizing, in spite of a friend who shouted with much glee that the number of Democrats among them was adequate proof that much work should be done.

Being a member of the National Speakers Bureau of the Democratic Party, my activity in the last campaign was such that I can be that much more effective in the *unification* campaign now being launched and in which there will be no party lines and there should be no race lines.

My public challenge to organize war veterans of Scandinavian and German ancestry is not merely a gesture. Organization of other races will force that action. For this reason, all war veterans should demand joint Americanization councils of the existing groups, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Disabled American Veterans, and others.

There *must* be a united front. There cannot be if there is any race considered except that of being American.—*Emil E. Holmes.*

SONNY'S CHRISTMAS WISH

WINNIPEG, MAN.—My son, age five, after listening to a Santa Claus program over the radio said: "Oh, mother, I wish bad was good!"—*Mrs. S. Goodman.*

FOR
RENT
'TIL
XMAS

PROPOSES SYLLABLE CONTEST

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Your magazine is all good, but I hope that you will see fit to run another Words Within Words contest this winter. I spent many hours with the last one, and it was fun besides being educational.

Perhaps your readers would like to puzzle on this:

How many one-syllable words can one find of eight letters or more?

The eight-letter words are fairly common, the nine-letter words are few (between ten and twenty probably), and I know of only one ten-letter word.

Perhaps this could be made into some kind of a contest, one point for the eight-letter, ten points for the nine-letter, and fifty points for the ten-letter words.—*R. L. Chipman.*

EASY IMPEACHMENT

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Working on your Constitution Quiz Contest has brought to me an idea that might interest many people. It would be possible to impeach a President with the votes of but 33 senators, as follows:

A majority, 49, is a quorum and can do business. Two thirds of the members present are sufficient to impeach, which in this case are 33.—*Alice Clem Burton.*

PHRENOLOGISTS NO PROPHETS

CHICAGO, ILL.—Frederick Lewis in his otherwise splendid article, The World and the Prophets—What's Ahead? (November 30 Liberty) purports to show the error of prognosticators. Among this group he names phrenologists.

Since when have phrenologists turned prophets? I always understood that phrenology delineates the character of people by a summary of the mental faculties, which, according to the tests, manifest themselves by growth of the skull in certain areas. Never knew of a competent phrenologist who would predict the future.—*R. G. Mangold.*

DECIDED NOT TO DIE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—To Keep Them Warm While They Watched Him Die, the October 26 True Short Short, brought to mind an episode that happened to a cousin of mine, a minister.

One of his flock, a woman who was a chronic invalid, put on a good act one day and said she would die at eleven o'clock that morning. Her husband believed her and called her pastor. While the woman was giving final instructions, she tried to get her husband to promise never to marry again. He would not give his word. During this the minister had a brain storm—he set the clock back.

After a while the husband looked at the clock and then at his watch, and found it was nearer one o'clock than eleven. He went to his wife and told her the time. He reminded her that he had not promised not to marry again. In fact, he said he had his next wife picked out already.

The "dying" woman was so mad, she got up, and at last report was still living and well.—*Mrs. B. Cupples.*

WAR—HEALTH—DOCTORS

ORLANDO, FLA.—War—Health—Doctors (November 30 Liberty), whether the apathetic people of this nation know it or not, is of priceless value to all and may save many lives.

On rare occasions some one steps forward and performs such a great service as a measure of protection for the people against selfish organized interests. Macfadden has now done it. The A. M. A. long has needed just what it got from this editorial.

In the interests of all young draftees, here is a scandal uncovered for Uncle Sam's attention. Are young lives more valuable than mere theories?—*J. P.*

ON THE WITNESS STAND

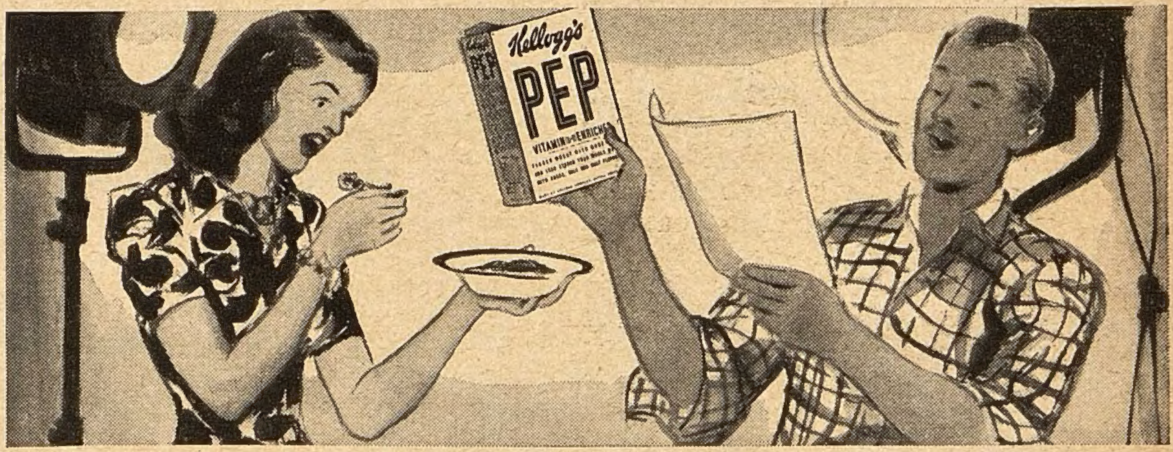
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Suggest that Mr. Lanston (Jury of Six Lawyers, November 9 Vox Pop) read the book, On the Witness Stand, by Münsterberg, a professor of psychology at Harvard, who discovered that on nine different points he testified inaccurately in a law case. Witnesses trying to be honest are often inaccurate.—*C. M. S.*

" Let's have more pieces by Groucho Marx like How I Beat the Social Game " (October 19 Liberty), says Norman Trent of Brockton, Massachusetts. " He may sound foolish, but there is more wisdom and sincerity to that man than to a good many so-called literary people."

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*

The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been *feeling* right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the *most important* vitamins, B_1 and D."

The model: *Wait a minute!* This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.

The model: If getting started on vitamins can be *this* much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1941!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WILL CONGRESS RAISE HELL

Defense and the shadow of war! . . A preview of grave tasks to come

THERE is no hell-raising impulse among the men and women who have assembled in Washington as the Seventy-seventh Congress of the United States. Their disposition is more inclined toward prayer.

Many are the problems confronting this Congress, grave are the responsibilities it must meet. It must write a new bill of taxation, one that will tap more pockets than even the congressmen like to contemplate right now. Last year's defense program, a patchwork product of preliminaries, must be expanded, rounded out, streamlined. To the 1941-42 defense program will be geared agriculture and industry, business and banking, all the nation, and every individual in some degree.

National defense will dominate all legislation, and many laws now on the books will be reconsidered in the light of its necessity.

Enough there to make every member of Congress regard the session soberly; but the paramount question in the mind of every member is: Will *this* Congress be fated to vote upon a declaration of *war?*

There is not a soul on the Hill who does not passionately hope that it will not be. There is not a man or woman in Congress—or in any other branch of our government, of whom I know—who will not do all that honor permits to avoid the grim decision. But none can shut an eye to the evidence that we are more threatened by war in this January of 1941 than we were in January, 1917—and infinitely better prepared to *avert* the threat, or to *accept* the challenge if we must.

This Seventy-seventh Congress is virtually the Seventy-sixth again. Not many changes were wrought by the 1940 elections. The Democrats have a few more members in the House, the Republicans a very few more in the Senate. Balance of power still rests with the conservative Democrats in both chambers.

Many of us talk of " Congress " as if it were a single entity; " Congress did this " and " Congress did that " and " Congress ought to do so-and-so." It is convenient but false. Usually we mean a majority of Congress did this or that. Bear it in mind with thanksgiving that our Congresses rarely have a fixed and predictable majority. In the most democratic of prewar European parliaments, party loyalty was always more binding than individual conscience or conviction. In Congress a Republican can vote for New Deal legislation, a Democrat vote against it, without fear. Most of the members, both Republican and Democratic, are of the caliber to do that, on occasion. There are Democrats who would vote to make clam shells legal tender if President Roosevelt suggested it, and there are Republicans who actually voted against giving the army 500 extra airplanes last year just because the New Deal urged the increase; but happily the blindly partisan are few.

Sectionalism rather than partisanship has, until recently, hampered Congress from acting as a truly national legislative body. I think there will be less of that spirit this year. Last year, for example, a majority of the House of Representatives voted for conscription. The votes came from the states bordering the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf of Mexico. The votes against the bill, Republican and Democrat, came from the states in the Missouri and Ohio river watersheds and valleys. That is sectionalism, just as the stubborn one-party system of the Solid South is, even if some Southern Democrats consistently vote with the conservative Republicans in Congress.

Time, intelligence, and information have worked to abate the panic of the invasion-conscious tidewater folk and to jar the inlanders out of their complacent acceptance of it-won't-happen-*here.* I think the scorekeepers of history ought to give Wendell L. Willkie an assist in that inning, instead of the error the politicians of his own party want to chalk up against him for preaching preparedness against the dictators in the corn-hog country.

An awful lot of bunk has been spoken and written about " National Unity," as if such unity were something you can put on, like a uniform, instead of being something you have to grow, like your own skin. I find a great many members of Congress who, like myself, are suspiciously on guard against any *program* of " National Unity," although they are politically afraid to come right out and say so. We have the vital ingredient of real national unity in the national acceptance of the majority's vote. What we are more slowly achieving is a national *community,* wherein " I am an American " takes precedence over " I am a Virginian " or " I am a San Franciscan," and that sort of spirit is more manifest in the Capitol this fateful January of 1941.

It will be put to severe tests. Hundreds of millions of dollars will have to be appropriated for arms and munitions, to be spent in already booming industrial areas. The government is seeking new sites for vital industries in areas removed from dangers of air raids, invasion, and ready sabotage. Huge sums will be appropriated to help move industry into areas new and strange. The new sites ought to be chosen with scientific care and political detachment—but there will be pressure and temptation for congressmen to seek deals of the old tariff logrolling kind. Whether Congress retains the spirit of national community is up to you, back home. If you think of the defense appropriations as a sort of grab bag, your representative will reflect your own attitude.

What the defense program's appropriations really represent is a gigantic debt piled on top of an already monumental debt. The necessity of the expenditures does not alter the basic fact that they constitute a spending program. If it was criminal and unmoral for politicians to grab into the WPA and PWA funds, it is *at least* as criminal and unmoral for smart business men and upright Chamber of Commerce secretaries to raid the defense moneys.

The money has to be borrowed in the main. The rest of it, together with the cash to pay for the normal costs of government, will be collected in taxes. Congress decreed a debt limit of $49,000,000,000. The actual debt is already beyond that, but the legal bonded debt is about $45,000,000,000. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau recommends that the debt limit be increased by $19,000,000,000. Congress will probably prefer to take more than one bite of the apple, but it is pretty certain that the deficit for this fiscal year will be close to $6,000,000,000. The fiscal year ends June 30.

President Roosevelt has decreed sharp economies and curtailments in all federal expenditures not contributing to the national defense. Congress, taken collectively, is wholeheartedly with him on that. But forthwith the chiselers creep forward again, and here again members of Congress individually are going to be subjected to tremendous pressure to evade economies. Every morsel in the pork barrel is going to be labeled as important to the national defense. Senator Solon will be importuned and bedeviled by interests back home to obtain a $5,000,000 appropriation for the development of Tadpole Creek. Last year it was argued Tadpole Creek might make a good cheap power development. The year before that, the boys who own the creek's banks wanted the senator to get a federal grant for the development because it would provide 500 men with work for 300 days. But this year they want Tadpole Creek dredged and widened as an inland base for naval seaplanes.

Congress, collectively, is for economy. Success depends upon the ability of the individuals to resist political and economical pressure from local interests. Once more it is up to the folks at home.

The taxes that are voted this year will not become effective until 1942, in the main. That is, the various income taxes will be collected next year on this year's earnings, and it is from income taxes that the government expects to derive its major revenue. So in 1942 Americans are going to find out what taxes can *begin* to mean, even if we still are at peace. Lower incomes will be subjected to taxation and exemptions and deductions curtailed.

Meanwhile there will be specialty taxes, to become effective after June. That means excise taxes, nuisance taxes, little dime-gougers.

BY WALTER KARIG

The administration is all set to resist the drive for a federal sales tax which is sure to come. The arguments against the sales tax are of the kind that will convince the majority of elected officials—the tax falls hardest on those least able to pay, for one; and any tax on *buying* is going to deter purchasing, thus reducing business income, which reflects on employment; and so on and on, with the government itself losing out financially in the long run. To be sure, except for taxes on income, most levies are sales taxes in effect. It costs more for the blue stamp on a package of cigarettes than you pay for the smokes inside. A dollar's worth of gas is nearer eighty cents worth of fuel and twenty cents worth of taxes.

It all boils down to the elementary truth that the American tax structure is a stupendously wasteful mess. Municipalities, counties, states, the federal government, school districts, sewer districts, magisterial districts, are all engaged in an overlapping, duplicating, spendthrift competition for tax collections and tax expenditures. If there were some sort of sense and order, the cost of government—local and national—would be less and easier to collect.

So Congress proposes to do something about that. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee is beginning a survey of the entire American tax system, and if it were not for the preparedness program I'd be tempted to call it the most important long-range enterprise of the session. Unfortunately, if Congress straightens out the tax tangle, it can, by itself, do nothing about reforming the system. Each state, each municipality will have to go along with the master plan, and when *that* happens, O beloved, the millennium will have arrived and there will be no need for taxes!

But meanwhile, this year, national defense expenditures will assume many new aspects: money and men and material for the new bases acquired from the British, and for others not yet acquired in South American republics for hemisphere defense; more funds for more specific items in mechanized warfare.

Controversy will soon rage over repeal of the Johnson Act and amendment of the Neutrality Act, to permit the extension of credit to Great Britain and, possibly, to the refugee governments. There is no doubt that the laws will be altered, but not without a last-ditch fight by the isolationists, and not until everybody else in Congress is assured that the British must have credit or face defeat. I can say in passing that the men in the administration whose advice Congress will accept—Jesse Jones and Henry Morgenthau, for instance—privately believe Britain can wait six months or a year before borrowing American dollars. None of them, however, thinks Britain should be compelled to wait until the bottom of the barrel has been scraped.

A controversy of greater domestic impact is brewing over labor legislation, with a sizable element in Congress already expressing the belief that strikes in defense industries must be outlawed. Others argue, with ample justice, that if strikes are to be forbidden by the government, then the government will have to forbid the cause of strikes, which in the long run would mean the nationalization of the munitions industries, including airplane factories and textile mills. The probable compromise would be a law making arbitration compulsory in labor disputes on jobs affecting the national defense. The legislation might go so far as to prohibit jurisdictional strikes between unions on defense contracts, as the British have done. The Roosevelt administration does not favor antistrike legislation of any kind, urging instead an extension of the practice, whereby arbitration and nonstoppage clauses are written into the labor contracts.

On this controversy, as on all the others that impend, it is probably the better for us all that we have a veteran Congress sitting. Now that the election is several weeks behind us, time enough for bruises to have healed, common sense can find utterance. The work of the Seventy-seventh Congress will be, in the main, a continuation of the job begun by the Seventy-sixth. I am probably inviting bricks from both sides, so there is no use ducking, but I am glad most of the old hands are back.

THE END

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Sports forecas for 19

Watch these prophecies and see what time—and the draft—do to them!

I believe that 1941 will be an outstanding year in all sports; that new faces and new names will streak their way across the sports horizon. I think the draft, with its training, will help develop new and greater stars and lift the average of athletic performance in all branches of sport.

Who will be the old stars to fade and who will replace them? Will Joe Louis retain his heavyweight boxing crown? Will the Yankees stage a comeback? Who'll replace Alice Marble as the queen of the tennis world? What will happen in football, golf, hockey, basketball, etc.?

In the following revealing article, Jerry Lewis, I think, has given Liberty readers a comprehensive forecast and one that will prove as accurate as those he has presented in the past. **—by Jack Dempsey**

OCTOBER 16, 1940, may go down in baseball history as the day the Cleveland Indians lost the 1941 pennant; for that was the day every male in these United States between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five registered for the draft. A young man named Bobby Feller scrawled his signature on a little white card, just like the rest of us, and if it is his lot to be called, the hopes of the Indians will recede.

But Cleveland, and baseball itself, will not be the only ones affected. The draft might take the top names in almost every sport. For most of these men this would be tantamount to economic death, as far as their careers in sports were concerned. Athletes have a peak period of perhaps five years, during which they must reap the harvest. Should they be called and forced to serve, they might very easily lose that elusive touch which puts them at the top.

And yet it is a tribute to the sports world that not one of these men has been anything less than eager to go, if his number should come up. Joe Louis, an amateur horseman of some repute, was asked if he'd like to join the cavalry. He tersely replied: "I ain't choosy."

Billy Conn, the light-heavyweight champion, said when registering: "I'd just as soon fight for Uncle Sam as for Uncle Mike (Jacobs)."

Harry Danning, the best catcher in baseball, said: "I've just been married, so it would be unfair to my wife to enlist; but there's one thing you can count on—if I'm drafted, I'll go."

God Bless America has become the sports world's official anthem.

What follows now is a forecast of what you may find in that sports world during 1941. The draft, as I point out, may blow all of these predictions out the window (pun intended), but as nearly as can be figured at this time, with the use of a ouija board, a secondhand crystal ball, and a telephone, here is a résumé of this year's sports headlines:

In baseball, it is almost inconceivable that at least one of the 1940 pennant winners will repeat. I refer, of course, to the Detroit Tigers. Clark Griffith may have, and probably did, cost the New York Yankees the 1940 pennant when he jammed through the American League rule that a pennant winner was forbidden to trade within the league for the year following the victory. At any rate, that rule most certainly will cost the Detroit Tigers the 1941 flag. They finished the 1940 campaign and played through the World Series with an infield whose wheezes could be heard in the last row of the grandstand, even against the wind. Charlie Gehringer and Dick Bartell won the pennant for Detroit, and if they lost the World Series for the Motor City crew, it is excusable. After the series was over, Gehringer announced his retirement from baseball and said: "I'm too old to play any more. My back has pained me all year, and it's been heated so often I feel like a baked apple."

If you want to know which team will win the 1941 pennant in the American League, I'll switch you over to a fellow swami, Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. Mr. Mack is the only one north of Rio de Janeiro who failed to pick the Yankees to win last season. He was scoffed at when he picked them to wind up third. They wound up third. Here is what he says now:

"I had a great team once. That team I got together in 1910 was one of the greatest, and I saw them crack up and lose when every one said they couldn't. Then they came back and were champions again. That's what the Yanks will do."

In the National League, there is some question in the more astute experts' minds as to whether or not the Reds can repeat. "Let anything happen to either Derringer or Walters, and I'd bet that the Rhinelanders wouldn't finish among the first three," one National League manager told me. "I wouldn't be surprised to see Brooklyn, St. Louis, and possibly even Pittsburgh beat out 'the Deacon's Heroes.'"

For further opinions on which teams will win the pennant races, we suggest that you see Liberty's annual major-league prediction poll, taken just before the season starts among the baseball writers of America.

Meanwhile, in last year's forecast we picked Joe DiMaggio to win the American League batting championship, which he did. Now we'll pick him again. Last year I picked Charlie Keller of the Yankees to give DiMag the most trouble. Charlie had a bad sophomore year because of illness, but I repeat the prediction this year because he is still a left-handed Hornsby to me.

In the National League, I picked Johnny Mize to win the batting crown, which he didn't. He did win the home-run title, though, and would have won the hitting title if he hadn't started his rush toward the top too late in the year. I must stick to that selection again for 1941.

I picked the National League to win the 1940 World Series, which it did, and my best guess is that the American League will win in 1941.

In the fight game, Joe Louis had no serious competition during 1940, and he won't have any this year. His only menace is Father Time. Patrick Edward Comiskey looked like a possible future threat, and he may still be, but until he learns a lot more than he knows now, Joe Louis could laugh him out of a ring. Max Baer has no chance of beating Joe at anything but pinochle.

Toots Shor, one of the number one fight experts around New York, was asked by me to pick, for Liberty readers, a possible contender for Louis' crown. "There isn't any one around to make him take a deep breath," he said. "Billy Conn would be kayoed in one heat. Baer should not be allowed in the same ring with Louis. There's only one kid around who might grow into being a heavyweight contender.

“His name is Jimmy Webb and he comes from down South. He weighs about 175 now, and in eight or nine months he might put on ten or fifteen pounds of muscle. If he does, look out.”

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

I called Ted Husing, the best football broadcaster in the radio business, and asked him to pick 1941's stick-out gridiron stars for you. Last year, you will remember, he picked Bill De Correvont of Northwestern, Flash Butler of Tennessee, Paul Christman of Missouri, and Tommy Harmon of Michigan. That was pretty good picking. Here are his 1941 stars-to-be:

“Four of the very best backs in the nation this year will be Dippy Evans and Steve Juzwik of Notre Dame, Bill Dailey of Minnesota, and Don Means of Washington. The very best back in the country, barring no one, is still a freshman, but this fall he'll be a sophomore, and if you think Red Grange, Tommy Harmon, and Dutch Reagan were good, wait till this kid shines in your eyes. His name is Roy Eldridge of Georgia Tech. The best lineman in the country this season will be Dick Wildung, a tackle on Bernie Bierman's Minnesota juggernaut.”

College football figures to have as swell a season this year as it had in 1940. Yale, through Ogden Miller, its new director of athletics, has declared itself for a new period of de-emphasis, and several of the *losing* Ivy League schools may follow suit. But you can bet on this—the teams that are winning aren't going to go in for de-emphasis!

Professional football has continued in the past year to make good on the optimistic promises it held out a year ago. We guessed then that pro football would break attendance records, and it did. On the third Sunday of last season the one-day attendance record of the National Professional League was broken. It will be broken again this coming year, and possibly every year for the next five.

The year 1941 will not see any standout golfer. Lawson Little is good enough to repeat his National Open triumph, but my pick would be Byron Nelson. I guess Sammy Snead, who is the best golfer, is never going to grab all the money. He blew up when he had a great chance, and the history of the Open is that that kind never comes back. Bud Ward should come back to regain his amateur golfing title from socialite Dick Chapman.

Ned Irish, the Mike Jacobs of basketball, looks for that game to have its biggest year yet: “It was 10 or 15 per cent bigger last year than it ever was before, and I think it will be as much over again in this season. I look for the Eastern teams to stage a comeback, and I think the South will show that it, too, is coming to the fore.”

From information received from coaches all over the nation, I'm going to try to pick each section's best basketball team. Here they are:

Far West: Santa Clara will be the best on the Coast, and Oregon or Stanford should win the Coast Conference title, for which Santa Clara is not eligible.

Big Ten: Indiana or Purdue. In this section of the country, De Paul should be the best of the nonconference teams, although both Toledo and Notre Dame have swell squads.

Rocky Mountain: Colorado should be the champ again in this section.

Big Six: Kansas, all the way.

Southwestern Conference: Rice.

East: Duquesne should be the best here, if not in the country, while the other Eastern leaders will be N. Y. U., St. John's, and L. I. U.

The war has, on the whole, benefited American tennis, for the reason that, in the big tournaments, kids who in other years couldn't be invited because they weren't good enough are now playing because there is no foreign talent to clutter up the draws, and thus are getting experience against the topnotchers. Our first five in the United States today are probably no better than our first five have ever been, but from number 6 to number 20 in the rankings you will find much better tennis players than ever occupied those spots before. Don McNeill may not hold his title this year, and if he doesn't, I think one of the youngsters will come up to belt him off the throne. Pick one of these four and you're likely to be right: Jack Kramer, Welby Van Horn, Joe Hunt, and Ted Schroeder.

In women's tennis, I pick Virginia Wolfenden of San Francisco to succeed Alice Marble, who turned pro last November.

In horse racing, I pick New World, the Alfred Vanderbilt horse, to win the Kentucky Derby, with Warren Wright's Whirlaway finishing second.

So there you have this swami's guesses on what 1941 will see in sports. If I'm right—well, that will prove that even a sucker sometimes throws a seven.

THE END

MR. Melvin TURNS THE TABLES

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THAT Monday came in like any other day on Monday Island. It promised nothing save another twelve hours of blazing sunshine and dull routine. The news of the turbulent world would continue to pulse through the cables which crawled out of the sea there—that was all. Who could have guessed that before next dawn Monday would have become sensational news itself, have been lifted out of obscurity into bold black headlines in London and New York?

Certainly such a fantastic notion did not occur to Joshua Gower, assistant manager of the station, as the balloon of his body, clad in pink pajamas, floated with its odd lightness onto the veranda.

That he was up in the first gray light merely signified his wish to enjoy the cool hour before he began to melt. His large smooth red face was dry, and that was a joy. Strange that, living in a perpetual Turkish bath, he never lost an ounce.

Lighting a cigarette, he went to the rail and enjoyed the little breeze which would die so soon. That was the worst of Monday. You always knew what would happen next.

The unquenchable sun climbed out of the waters, a flat disk of fire. All at once Joshua blinked.

" Jerusalem—a ship! "

Not their supply ship, either: she wasn't due for two months. But there on the sea's wide plain was a black bar under a smudged black canopy.

Joshua bounced.

" Hi, there, fellows! We got visitors! "

His face was damp half an hour before time. . . .

The big freighter nosed in, seeming old and weary, with boats missing from her davits and a list to port.

" Must have caught the cyclone."

Eagerly they waited, sprawled on the black sand where the shadows of the palms traced darker latticework.

Mr. Melvin, the manager, alone did not sprawl. He stood flung forward a little, a long, lean figure, brittle and dry, like a praying mantis. Gold-rimmed glasses perched precariously on his sharp nose. They often lost their grip, but he was an adept catcher. In five years he had not been known to miss.

Now the flags trailing to the breeze of her slow progress proclaimed that the ship was American, and in distress. Then she swung, showing her flank, and there, between broad bars of stars and stripes, they read in tall white lettering that she was the City of New Orleans.

" Better than ever," Joshua gloated, mopping. " First Yank in all the time I been here."

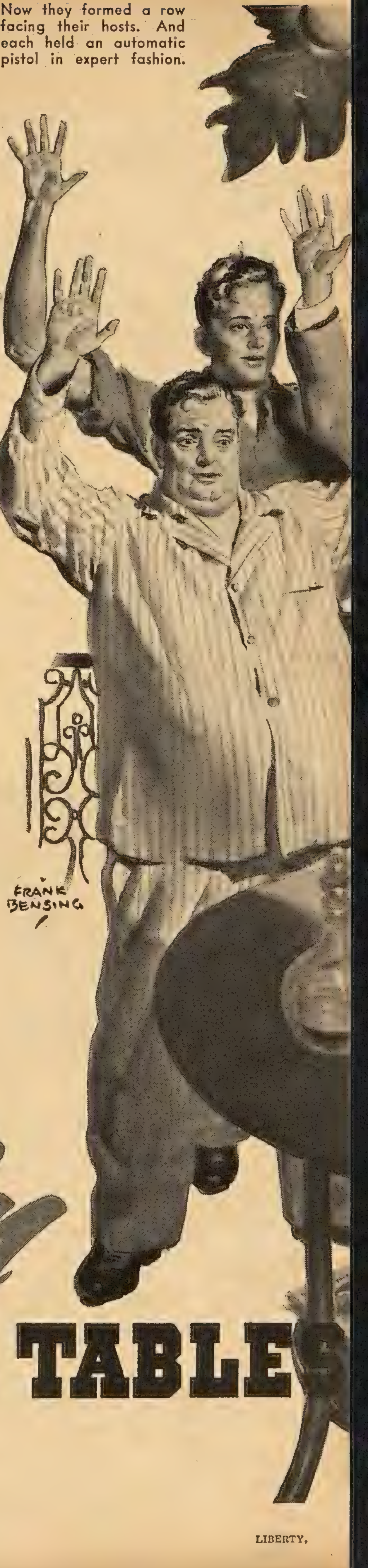
A few million years ago, before the ocean surged up, the crest of Mount Monday—probably as high as Everest—must have been a mere pinnacle of rock. As a result, in these later days there was no anchorage, the shore falling away sheer. Ingenious man had secured two vast buoys to the beach by long cables, and to these the ship trudged on, glad of any place where she could lick her wounds.

She made fast, stem and stern, and the accommodation ladder jerked down. Then the captain, white ducks gold-braided, began his descent, and on his heels a woman. A woman! Something to make them sit up. No woman had ever set foot on Monday. They sat up; they jumped up. Mr. Melvin saved his glasses.

" Must be the captain's wife."

" No — daughter! " said Tommy Rice—which was wishful thinking.

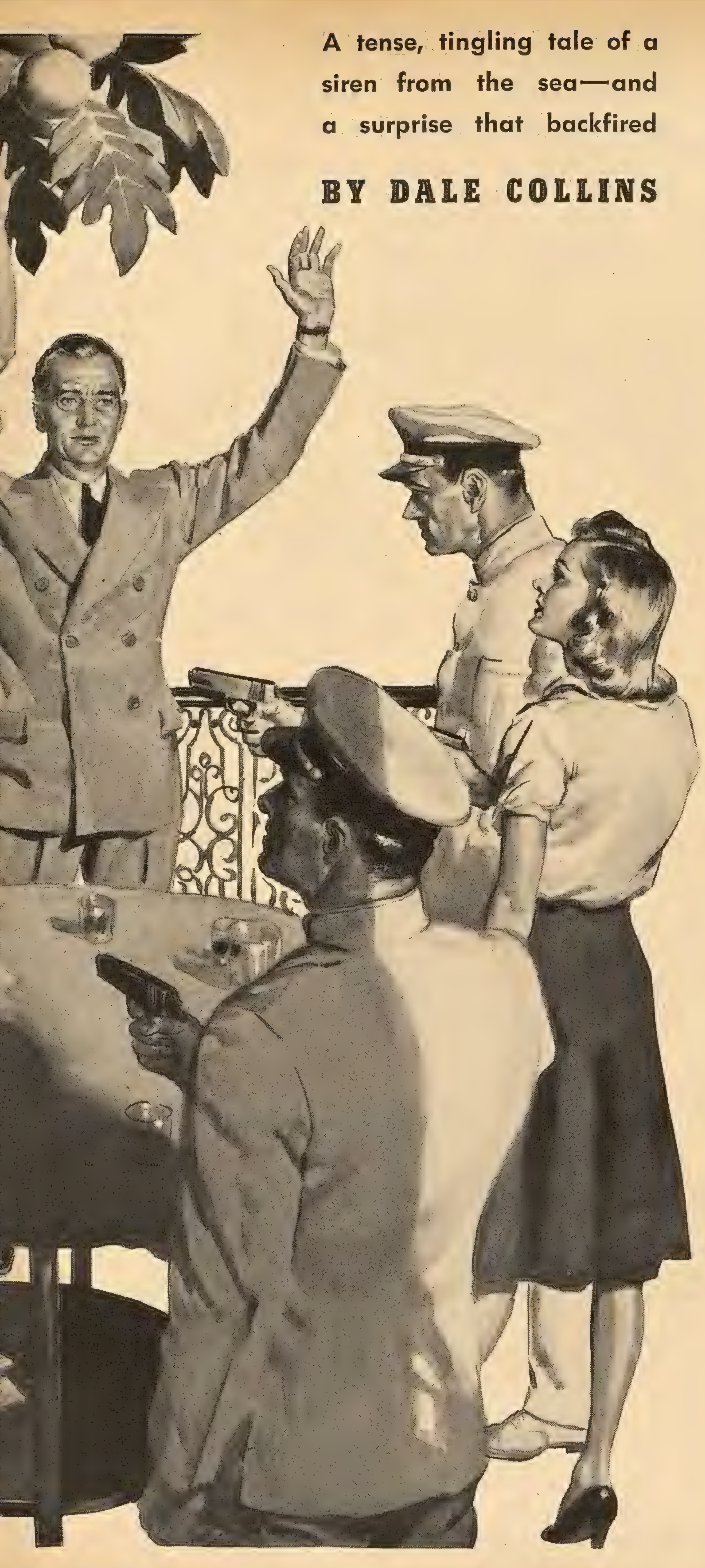
An officer had followed them, and the boat stole away from the resting ship. Daughter, surely? The sun glistened more brightly on her hair than on uniform braid. She wore it in a page-boy bob. Her body was



Now they formed a row facing their hosts. And each held an automatic pistol in expert fashion.

A tense, tingling tale of a siren from the sea—and a surprise that backfired

BY DALE COLLINS



sturdily built, but firm and supple. They waited, awed.

The boat backed in. The two men stepped out—then the girl. Mr. Melvin creaked forward, introduced himself, and made them welcome in a few dry-as-dust words. And then the men of Monday Island were presented to Captain Hiram Jason and Priscilla—yes, his daughter.

Priscilla was O. K., O. K. She wasn't only pretty, but her manners were boyish and easy, and they felt quite at home with her.

"You're the very first girl that ever came here, Miss Jason." Tommy wasted no time about getting in with that announcement.

"Say, that's a thrill!"

"And not just for you!"

When they got around to her father, they found that he was as dark as she was fair, with eyes which seemed coal-black. His nose was a beak, his head a hawk's. For all the width of his shoulders, his body had a wiry toughness.

The mate passed almost unnoticed. He was Mr. Brandt—just another Dane, big and fair and quiet.

"Got the full strength of the blow," the master was explaining. "Busted up the old barge quite considerable. Condenser trouble, among other things. Not many callers here, I calculate."

"One every three months."

"My! My! My!" Priscilla's eyes grew bigger.

"And you," said Tommy, with the daring of the baby of the staff, "are the answer to a marooned man's prayer."

Her smile of acknowledgment made him dizzy.

They streamed up the steep path between the autumnal golds of the croton bushes and under the cupped canopies of the palms.

Mr. Melvin walked ahead giving the captain the latest news.

"I think it's marvelous," said Priscilla to Joshua, whose own special buoyant agility had won the place at her side, "this being a cable island. Pop's been telling me. He says you Crusoes often hear things before people in the cities see them in print or hear them over the air."

"We only hear the ghosts of the news, Miss Jason. Think of all the tremendous history—page after amazing page—that's passed through here since September, 1939, and yet to us it's all a bit unreal. Like listening to it from the moon."

"Most people would envy you your luck. Men are never satisfied."

An opening for Tommy.

"We are, now you're here, Miss Jason. Gosh, your mother must have been a blonde—I mean, your father being so dark."

"My mother was as golden as that sun up there."

"And so are you."

The titters from behind made him redden, though he knew they sprang only from jealousy.

They mounted the steps to the veranda.

"But it's all iron!" Priscilla exclaimed. "You'd expect palm huts and things."

"Ants," Joshua explained, mopping. "They'd make a meal of a wooden place in a night. Which is a great pity, because iron is used for ovens, isn't it?"

"Not that that matters to you, Miss Jason," said Tommy. "You're cool as a cucumber."

"Bet my nose is shiny!" She dropped into a chair, attended to her chip of a nose, and placed the open handbag on the table beside her.

The Chinese boys, in accordance with orders, had set out drinks on a trestle bar and retired to their own quarters away from the house. Priscilla decided on a lime drink, but her father and the silent mate took stiff whiskies, and took them neat.

"Your very good health, and again welcome." Mr. Melvin raised his glass of squash and made the occasion seem like a school treat.

"It's certainly swell to be greeted this way," said Captain Jason. "Here's mud in your eye." He and his mate drained their glasses and set them aside. "And is all the gang gathered here—the whole woiks?"

"No one would wish to miss such an unexpected party."

"Waal, now," drawled Captain Jason, and the coal of his eyes broke into a sudden glow, "isn't that fine and dandy!" His body tensed, his jaw jutted, and his next words struck harsh and commanding: "Stick 'em up! Reach for the ceiling! Not a move! Try to pull anything, and you're dead!"

SO sharp that order, so astounding, that almost before they had comprehended its meaning their arms jerked aloft as if they were so many marionettes on a single string.

It wasn't only Captain Jason's words and tone. As he spoke, the three visitors had leaped into position. Now they formed a row facing their bunched hosts. And each held a large automatic pistol in expert fashion.

Yes, even the fair Priscilla. She had whipped hers from the bag so usefully open on the table.

Nothing was about the only thing to be done, with arms on high, and hands grasping thin air. The cable men did just that, and a sadly helpless and foolish lot they looked.

Through a cold silence Captain Jason considered them with contempt. So did the pretty Priscilla. So did Mr. Brandt.

Mr. Melvin broke the silence:

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary behavior?"

He did not seem afraid, but was annoyed, as if over a breach in the regulations. There were points about being a dry old stick.

Captain Jason gave a brief grunt of laughter. "Let me explain, my friend," he said. He was no longer the man who had stepped from the boat, the master of a Yankee freighter. His speech had thickened and sounded guttural and foreign; he did not lounge but stood very erect, stern, forbidding.

"Heil Hitler! I present myself anew. I am Captain Bauer of the Reich commerce raider Köln. Not at your service. *Nein!*"

"The Köln!"

A startled echo. Monday Island had passed on much news of her—sad news, grim news. Now, with the pounce of a tiger, she had bounded out of that storm-tossed world beyond the horizon into their little world at stagnant calm. They listened to the real words of Captain Bauer—not merely words he had spoken to an unknown captured skipper, as quoted by Associated Press.

Firsthand stuff.

"Herr Brandt is my first lieutenant, and this lady you so much admired, my blue-eyed daughter, this is our youngest radio operator, Herr Schumacher."

Still covering them, Schumacher whipped off his wig with his left hand, revealing a close-cropped blond bullet of a head.

Tommy Rice's mouth opened, and remained open.

"Admit we are good actors," said Captain Bauer, with a shark's smile. "Good as we are at all things else. Good Americans, *nein?* Though we learned our slang and accent in the cinema. Yes, we all did very well. Schumacher, he was a good touch to disarm suspicion. Fine and dandy, as Captain Jason would say." He enjoyed his triumph, which was so complete. "Don't move your bodies or hands, but look now at the City of New Orleans." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Yes, look out. Timing enters into it—you understand?"

Their heads turned slowly, reluctantly, as if they had stiff necks, poor marionettes.

The swastika drooped where the stars and stripes had been. The new name, the new national colors, screened the old. Deckhouses had dropped down, leaving gray guns glinting in the sunshine. Round and chilling eyes of steel stared at Monday Island.

A DIRTY trick, thought Joshua, but didn't say so, for just then an uncivil tongue might have been an expensive luxury.

"To business. We could have blown your station into the sky, but there might have been time for you to get off a message. That would not have been good. As you and your Admiralty know, we are in the South Atlantic. We are a mirage, then, here in the Pacific, and would remain so. A little cunning was needed. Tactics. So easy, *nein?*"

"And a lot of fun," said the blond peach-skinned Schumacher.

"Also, a cable station in running order can be used by clever people to good purpose. Consider, my friends, the messages we shall be able to send—the trouble, the great confusion. A fine joke, that—and valuable. We have suffered damage, as I told you. Our engineers will set that right in this perfect hiding place. We have the best engineers in the world. We take on water and some stores of yours, smash the plant, cut the cables, and sail away. A good program, *nein?*"

He paused, inviting an answer: they hadn't one.

"You are my prisoners. Behave, and you live. Any trouble—finish! Come, Mr. Melvin, I treat you well, *nein?*"

"Monday Island does not surrender."

It should have been the proud proclamation of an unconquerable foe, but as spoken by Mr. Melvin it was only laughable.

The men from the Köln—invincible, arrogant, sardonic, dictators on Monday—enjoyed the joke.

OR intended to.

Instead they screeched.

Simultaneously, it seemed to Joshua, they jumped high into the air without their feet leaving the floor, their bodies stretched upward on an invisible rack by that ghastly, motionless bound.

The pistols clattered to the floor.

Joshua's balloon of a body bounced forward and sent the weapons flying from the veranda with a sweep of his foot. As he did so, the Monday Island staff were transformed into a little army, each with a pistol.

All this in the wink of an eye.

Those agonized bodies came down into themselves, bones dropping back into sockets, muscles relaxing.

"Ahem!" Mr. Melvin rustled. "Put them up at once!"

He gave the command with diffidence, but the three most amazed men in the world obeyed instantly.

"A spot of table-turning!" said Joshua.

The staff whooped and exulted.

No arrogance in the men of the Köln now. They could not understand or credit what had happened. Their eyes were glazed. This was a nightmare from which one must awaken—and the sooner the better.

Mr. Melvin was no nightmare figure, however. He bore the very clear stamp of the workaday, humdrum world. Even the gun in his hand did not seem to belong to him. He couldn't have done anything so violent as pull the trigger. But there were others behind him, no longer huddled sheep—fierce and resolute fellows whose fingers itched.

"Rather a shock, I'm afraid," said Mr. Melvin. "But we live in a lonely spot and troubled days. Though peaceful folk, we must take precautions. We have to be quite sure before we refuse hospitality. Otherwise unfriendly callers might become insistent, even obstreperous. If you had met opposition down there on the beach, for instance, you could have caused a lot of trouble. So we planned to let events take their course until we had evidence."

His glasses slipped. He caught them, gave them a rub on his sleeve, put them back. Joshua, free to mo rejoiced in Mr. Melvin. It wouldn have been half so entertaining ha he been a tough guy.

"Living in this dull place—ahen this hitherto dull place—we have had ample leisure to work out ideas, even if they seemed fantastic at first glance. Should they never be used, what of it? We had had occupation, hobbies. Accordingly, whenever a ship appears we make our preparations—yes, even if she is our own supply boat, for she might have been captured by pirates like yourselves. One cannot be too careful, can one?"

A rhetorical question. You don't reply to a headmaster, particularly a headmaster whose staff pack guns.

"Accordingly, we slip revolvers into our pockets and thick rubber shoes on our feet. Up to now needlessly, so we are grateful to you for this opportunity to demonstrate our handiwork. It is all done by wires—electric wires. We are experts in them. We in our rubber shoes are insulated. I naturally observed your footwear on the beach with interest. Yes, indeed; this veranda is one large electric chair, with the current applied to the feet rather than the head. As I fancy your Captain Jason would have said, 'a hot squat.'"

The headmaster had condescended to a joke. The staff laughed, as was only fitting. The joke was not for the bad boys. They drooped there, excluded, glum, shamed.

"Concealed in that fern on the wall is a microphone wired through to the instrument room, where two of my little family are always on duty. I fear I told a white lie about them. The switch is turned only when we expect guests. They have heard everything that passed out here, and will already have dispatched news of your advent. The signal to—er—turn on the juice was the little phrase about never surrendering. Remember, gentlemen, we could have electrocuted you. We can do so now if we wish. . . . Rice, my lad, be so good as to bring me three sets of handcuffs from the bottom drawer in my office."

Rice, the good boy, fled eagerly on his errand.

When he returned, Captain Bauer spoke in German to his men. The three extended their wrists and the handcuffs clicked. Joshua felt a twinge of disappointment. Now he might go down to his grave without ever killing a man. Not that he hated the trio. But a soft, lazy fellow floated through life without experiencing the fiercest, deepest, most elemental thrills.

There was a little pause. They needed it. The treat, it seemed, was over; now it was back to the desks.

CAPTAIN BAUER thought otherwise.

He straightened up and, though manacled, reverted to his old self. The coals of his eyes lit up again.

"Very smart! Very cunning! I did not think such poor creatures could have devised so good a trick. But, after all, you are not so very smart, as you are pleased to think. No, no, by hell! You have forgotten the Köln!"

Mr. Melvin's head wagged.

"You are our hostages," he pointed out.

"Hostages — bah!" scoffed Captain Bauer. "Germans do not give hostages. My men are sailors of the Reich—not sentimental fools. You cannot shelter behind us. As I told you before, timing comes into it." He looked at his watch. "In three minutes from now, unless I give the signal, my ship will open fire. They will know something has gone wrong, and will assume we are prisoners or dead. Their orders, then, are to shell this island to pieces. Afterward, they will land all their men, armed, to go over those pieces."

"And suppose while they do so," said Mr. Melvin, "the prisoners mutiny?"

COMING SOON

MADAME POMPADOUR OF RUMANIA

The facts about Magda Lupescu and King Carol told by the courtesan's most intimate woman companion

Captain Bauer gave his grunt of laughter.

"So clever again, *nein?* Do not build hopes. We have transferred our prisoners to prizes. I tell you, you are beaten, Mr. Melvin, who thought it clever to make real men—Germans!—dance like bears on hot trays."

That screech, that agonized stationary leap, rankled. He spat on the offending iron floor.

"Am I to give the signal that you have surrendered, and only the small landing party need come ashore? And, by the way, be sure that if you harm us while they are doing so, you will pay dearly. The best man has won. Take off these useless things, then, and let me give the signal."

Another silence fell. Mr. Melvin appeared to be considering a grave decision. His men awaited it; but the Germans, sure of the outcome, frowned impatiently.

At last he made up his mind.

"No, captain," he said, even more solemnly than usual. "You will not be giving any signal."

"You are mad! You send us all to our deaths and gain nothing. Your station will be destroyed just the same."

"No, captain."

A crashing report split the golden globe of the still noonday air into quivering fragments. Smoke drifted from the Köln.

"Not a miss—the last warning," said Captain Bauer. "*Gott*—you old fool, it is death, I tell you. Death in seconds. You others—you young men—do you want to die? Make this old madman obey me."

No way to speak of the manager, who was the sole boss on Monday Island.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Melvin, and his spidery legs carried him quickly into the house.

"See, he runs to take cover! Save yourselves, save—"

His appeal was drowned in another crash, another roar of sound, and the ground before the station erupted into a volcano. The place rocked. Palms were flung this way and that. Stones and wreckage beat a mad tattoo of alarm on the iron roof. The next shell would not hit the ground.

Captain Bauer drew himself up, coming to attention as well as he could. His men followed his example, one on either side, Schumacher in his girl's dress, his peach skin dewed with sweat, Brandt as expressionless as a mask.

"Heil Hitler!" said Bauer firmly.

"Heil Hitler!"

They waited, and the men of Monday waited also—staring with fixed gaze out at the Köln. Through the drifting smoke the round-eyed guns stared up at them.

The two great buoys to which she was made fast burst with a roar which dwarfed the earlier reports to the mere pop of fireworks. Where the buoys had been, the sea rose up in snowy mountains, tossing and surging and leaping. The bow and the stern of the raider were wiped away. Her stack crumpled like paper; her masts crashed over. What remained looked like a water-logged box foundering in an oil-stained sea black with death, wreckage, and destruction. Greasy smoke flung a heavy pall, and the waters heaved again, were torn again, by explosions in the vanishing hull.

Mr. Melvin reappeared, restoring his glasses. It had been a painful duty to pull that switch, which the cruiser's people had fitted when they converted the buoys into mines to be fired only by electric contact.

He looked just the same: just Mr. Melvin.

Deafened, shaking, Joshua marveled at that really tough guy who had even contrived to learn there were no prisoners. He marveled also to find himself crying like a little child. He mopped.

HIGH jinks on Monday Island at the close of that Monday which had been crammed with enough action for a lifetime. The juniors had a grand time at the expense of the most junior of them all.

"'The answer to a marooned man's prayer!'"

"'As golden as the sun.'"

"Aw, nerts!" said Tommy Rice. "I was on to 'em quicker'n any one. Don't you know good acting when you see it?"

But his blushes rivaled those of the sun, which was setting as usual with its customary splendor.

THE END

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

How to be Funny

By

HAROLD LLOYD

BEING funny is no laughing matter today.

Now, I know that most people, when thinking of improving themselves, concentrate on different parts of their anatomy. Men exercise and, if they are wealthy men, they indulge in horseplay, like polo. And women watch their diets, realizing taste makes waist. Athletes develop their biceps and press notices; intellectuals broaden their minds; chorus cuties develop their boy friends, and even if they care little for a man they still live on his account.

Yet it would do us all a lot of good if we were to try mainly to broaden and develop our funny bones—a curious part of the human protoplasm made up largely of Joe Miller's anecdotes.

We are in a world today suffering from jitters, where a laugh can do more good than a bottleful of medicine in carrying one through a nerve-racking period. Today, with the newspapers and radio literal messengers of doom, the importance of laughter cannot be overemphasized. A citizen with a well cultivated sense of humor is doing his share in our preparedness program, in our hasty rearmament against fear, misery, intolerance, and bad puns.

I like people who can laugh at the right times. I like the British because they can laugh when bombs are falling all around them. If you think they can't, you should see some of the cartoons in their newspapers published from makeshift editorial offices located in bomb-pocked streets. I like my favorite traffic cop outside the RKO studio—the one guy who whistles when things go against him. (Did I say something about bad puns?)

I cannot believe the world will ever lose its sense of humor. You wouldn't think so either—or maybe you would—if you looked through my daily mail and read some of the suggestions I get for gags.

Let's take a look. Here's one from Binghamton, New York: "I heard a friend of mine had been quarreling with his wife, so when I saw him I decided to console him. 'Jack,' I said brightly, 'that was an amusing little tiff you had with your wife the other day.' 'Yeah, wasn't it?' he replied with a grin. 'When she threw the ax at me I thought I'd split.'"

Did I say Joe Miller?

Now let's turn to a contribution from Milwaukee. It contains an epic which the writer calls the "Lloyd Laffter Test, a best seller among cretins and morons."

"This," our contributor writes, "was penned in close collaboration with my dear friend, Herr Professor Z. Zehr Gut of Vienna, a great authority on the funny bone and a historian on humor (he's recently been writing Herr Hitler's speeches, which have given Adolf a Crosley rating over Jack Benny). When I was in Vienna in 1932, it was the Herr Professor Z. Zehr Gut who gave me some nifties (jokes, suh!), some fine German jokes—yes, there were a few even before the Nazis—in exchange for several lessons I gave him in English. I still fondly recall the last lesson I gave him. I explained to the Herr Professor that the word 'bed' is derived from the German 'bett' which, in the Bronx, means to make a wager.

"Now then, as a preparation for my thesis on 'The Importance of Laughter,' pull on your dark glasses and test yourself on these button-busters:

"Test 1—The first time I met my wife, she asked me, 'Herbie, do you like moving pictures?' 'And how!' I answered with enthusiasm. 'Then,' she said, 'come out to the garage and move mine into the house!' . . . Did you smile at this one?

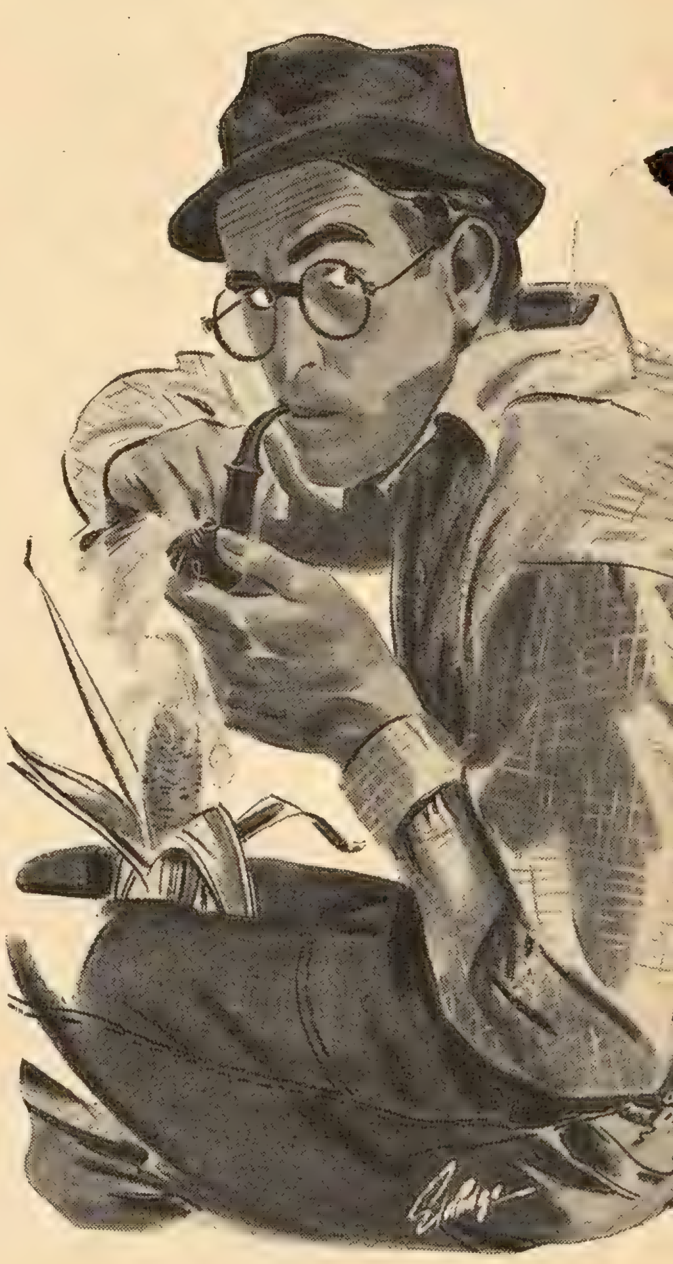
"Test 2—My boss's wife just won't permit the doctor to operate on her husband, though it is very necessary. She just doesn't want any one opening her male! . . . Did you giggle at that one?

"Test 3—The other day, in a classroom, a teacher inquired, 'Who wrote My Old Kentucky Home?' A little boy shouted, 'Don Ameche!' Whereupon another little fellow yelled, 'He did not! Stephen Foster wrote it! Don Ameche invented the telephone!' . . .

"Test 4—Last week I felt gallant and complimented a girl friend on her cosmetics. 'And I notice you've got an attractive new lipstick, dear,' I added. She was puzzled. 'How do you know?' 'Oh,' I said, 'it's been going around from mouth to mouth.' . . . I'll bet her sweetheart didn't guffaw at that one."

So there, there's the test. Now add [illegible] up how many of these tickled your funny bone. How many? Right! Anyway, some do and some don't. That's why making pictures is always a headache—you cannot satisfy every one.

In general, I'm not worried about our sense of humor. Things are definitely on the up-beat. I realized



conditions were improving when, the other day, I noticed a neat-looking gentleman in the bread line. He was carrying an electric toaster. Further proof came this morning. A top-hatted, white-tied-and-tailed gentleman intercepted me as I was entering the studio and asked ten cents for a cup of coffee—not for himself but for a forlorn, beaten, ragged individual at his side. This perplexed me, but the ragged individual quickly explained, "Hell, brother, panhandling has picked up so much lately that I've hired a master of ceremonies!"

I have had the pleasure of many friends with well trained funny bones. There was Will Rogers. Good nature was a creed with him. Will said he lost his temper very young, and never had it again. Once, when he was farming corn, Will found himself being relentlessly heckled by a neighbor. But Will refused to blow up. Finally the neighbor screamed: "Rogers, you're not far from a fool, are you?" "Naw," drawled Will; "jest the fence between us."

I have been working on the same lot as Alfred Hitchcock. Now when people say, "He who laughs—lasts," they mean Hitchcock. Nothing shakes him and his 290 pounds except a good gag or rib. The English director is extremely droll.

I recall attending, a short time ago, a dinner party to which Hitchcock was lured. Every one was there—producers, actors, relatives—every one. After the dessert and coffee the guests grouped off to play poker. Hitchcock, not being familiar with the game, promptly settled himself into a near-by chair and fell asleep. After a couple of hours Mrs. Hitchcock came over and shook her husband until he opened his eyes. "Wouldn't you like to go home, Alfred?" she asked. "Oh, heavens, no," he murmured. "Why, that would be rude!"

I remember having tea with President Roosevelt and his wife, and I came away with the impression of a man who knew when to laugh—and when not to. I also cherish the funny bones of Fulton Lewis, Jr., Hal Roach, Charlie Chaplin, and Leo McCarey. It was McCarey who, when asked a short time ago what was wrong with the movie industry, replied, "What this business needs is big names with new faces!"

The world needs laughter! Briskly, a master of the art explores its mystery

Laughing becomes doubly important when one suffers reverses, when one thinks a decision he must make will be world-shaking. In the old days I used to be the typical mustache comic with big shoes. One night I went to see a drama, a serious tragedy—but the lead character, playing the role of a minister with horn-rimmed goggles, was so bad that I still had sense of humor enough to laugh. My laughter gave me an idea. Why not turn this serious character into something professionally humorous? So I adopted horn-rimmed glasses without glass, a straw hat, an awkward, scared-doe manner—and look at me today: the only humorous thing about me is the way I play golf.

Along this line, though, I overheard Bob Hope telling of his first screen test for Pathé Studio: "That test was a classic. I started into the scene. My chin was on the screen for five minutes before I appeared. They sent me into the projection room by myself to see the test. I learned later that was because nobody else could stand being exposed to it! Some screen test! The projectionists who ran it off wore gas masks, and the Pathé rooster never crowed again, realizing that none of his hens could ever lay an egg like that one! After it was over, Pathé officials wouldn't even give me streetcar fare home!"

Now, how can you ever lick a sense of humor like that? Whatever happened to Bob in his early days, he's certainly one of the funniest men we have in the world today.

There are different methods of cultivating a first-rate man-size funny bone. Frank Ryan, one of our story writers, cheers himself up by writing plays. Once, he says, he worked for three months on an idea just to exercise his sense of humor. It was a play concerning a young man who had to wear his grandfather's long black overcoat until he was twenty-one, if he wanted to inherit his grandfather's fortune. In the second act the villain hired a group of trained moths to destroy the overcoat, but the moths felt there was something wrong about the whole thing, so they sat down on the buttons of the coat to think the matter over. Finally, when they learned the true story of what the villain was trying to do, they broke down and cried and cried—you know how a moth balls!

Laughter is not just a pick-me-up in a world of nerve and nerves; it is also an antitoxin to be used in combating some very low species of plant life.

One of these species is "the Banquet Bore," the nonstop after-dinner speaker. A good solid sense of humor can combat even him. Several years ago there was a beautiful dinner being given in Atlantic City, which undoubtedly cost $25,000 to set. I attended with a group of friends. Every one was feeling gay and cheerful until the first speaker got up. He was, I regret to report, a very prominent citizen. He spoke, and spoke, and spoke. The chairman fell asleep. I got an attack of bad humor. Every one was grouchy. Still this Bore harangued us; for two solid hours he spoke without a let-up. When he was through, every one was dismal and gloomy—and there was still another speaker. He was Jimmy Walker. He got to his feet. He grinned. He said, "Gentlemen, as Antony said to Cleopatra when he walked into her tent at three in the morning, 'I didn't come here to talk.'"

That was all. Jimmy Walker sat down. We all sat up, and because Jimmy had retained his sense of humor, we all recovered ours.

A species at least as bad is "the Embarrassing Bore"—the one in the corner who is sure to grab one of your guests and ask or say something that will make you wish you were standing on an open trap-door. It takes not only a sense of humor but a party of the second part to hold you back in tolerating this type. For example, when I was making a movie called The Cat's Paw, we had an actor, a cultured boy named Foo Ming, who had just come over from his native land. A lady visitor, meeting the boy, said to him, "Mr. Ming—tch-tch, Mr. Ming—I hear you Chinese eat dead rats." The boy didn't get angry. He merely replied, "Madame, I hear you Americans eat hot dogs!"

TODAY'S top sport, indoors or out, is laughing. To cultivate your sense of humor you can take this suggestion or, if you prefer, throw it into the wastebasket, which yawned deeply when I received it from an enthusiast in Gloucester, Massachusetts: "If you want to help your children see the joke, you must catch them young and teach them right. I was very bright when I went to school. That's because I never studied, but haunted pool rooms, learning the game from actors who were so sure of their cues. I was in school so long they finally listed me on the faculty in the Year Book. The teacher often had me show off before scouts. She would ask, 'George, name three collective nouns.' And I would reply, 'Wastebasket, vacuum cleaner, and fly paper.' Then she would ask, 'Now, George, what's a metaphor?' and I'd answer, 'To keep the cows in.' This endeared me to every one, and I was able to pick up enough spare change to continue hiring a ghost writer—the little boy next door whose dad read 'The Spice of Life' in the old Literary Digest."

But times have changed. They suggest you keep your youngsters away from Grimm's Fairy Tales, or anything equally morbid, and feed them copies of the Congressional Record—where they'll really learn "the Importance of Laughing"!

Which reminds me that I once asked Editor Fulton Oursler why he ever wielded a blue pencil. This stumped him. Finally he said, "Well, Harold, to make a long story short, it's—well—to make a long story short."

All right, Fulton, all right. I can take a hint!

THE END

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THERE comes to every writing man the time when he wishes that he possessed an instrument more delicate than prose with which to record the flight of a bird or the perfume of a flower.

This is one of those times.

Flowerlike Dorothy Stickney certainly is, as all who have seen her in Life With Father would be quick to testify. The fragrant beauty of her performance as Vinnie remains long after the curtain falls on the hilarious comedy which Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse have fashioned from the family doings of the Days.

Birdlike she is, too, not in the big, bustling, flamboyant manner of a bluejay, but in the gentler way of a chickadee or a towhee or a goldfinch. She has the fragility, the seeming helplessness of these small birds and, it may surprise you to hear, their extraordinary durability. Like them, she is capable of great flights, of purposefulness and courage such as are given to few humans.

Until she was twenty, Dorothy Stickney was almost completely blind. After coming through seven separate operations that restored her eyesight, she found herself with a constitution so shaken and a strength so impaired that—even after she had fought her way through to theatrical success—she was forced repeatedly to refuse important roles or to withdraw from casts in the middle of successful runs.

She conquered her blindness. She has conquered her ill health. And now, like a migrant bird after its long flight north or south, she sits, fragile but triumphant, on the top of the Broadway tree.

So we say that Dorothy Stickney, like the birds and flowers, demands a medium of expression less pedestrian than prose—and, with that amazing versatility of hers, she has herself supplied it. Along with her beauty and her charm, her courage and her determination, her facility and her dramatic range, Dorothy also has the gift of poetry. The editor of Liberty is proud to have been the first of his guild to recognize this gift, proud also to republish in these pages the author-actress' first printed poem. You're Not the Type [see page 20]. Perhaps it is fitting, too, that her own story should be told in Liberty, so far as possible, in her own graceful words.

"Dorothy expressed her aspirations always in verse form," said her husband and co-star, Howard Lindsay. And then he added proudly: "And these aspirations all have come true."

One of the aspirations which Mr. Lindsay does not feature in his conversation, but with which he is intimately concerned, was this:

I want the quaintest little house
Beyond the quaintest little town,
Beside a little lake so clear
You see the trees all upside down. . . .
I want some one to share my house
And make it quite complete, you see;
Some one who's fond of foolishing,
Who'll laugh and laugh and laugh
with me . . .

This poem, titled Some Day, was written many years before Dorothy had either a house or a husband, but the whole of it includes a perfect description of the New Jersey old Dutch farmhouse, built in 1741, where she now lives, as well as a not too bad picture of the fortunate Mr. Lindsay who lives and laughs there with her.

Difficult as it is with so elusive a person, we must make some effort to relate Dorothy to chronology. But we may skip lightly over those first twenty years. Dorothy would wish that we should. She doesn't dwell on the dark days.

Her father, a pioneer doctor, migrated from Vermont to the cow country of North Dakota, then not yet a state, and settled in the then small town of Dickinson, where, years later, Dorothy was born. Because of her affliction, the little girl's schooling centered chiefly around studies which could be pursued with little or no use of the eyes. Elocution was one of these. Drama courses in St. Paul were a logical later development. Then there was something about a spangled circus rider who had come to town when she was a small child!

Life

Her aspirations all come true, Dorothy Stickney sits triumphant on the top of the Broadway tree.

No one knows, least of all Dorothy, just what it was that first determined her to be an actress; but determined she was. Sight somewhat restored but strength depleted, she was soon touring Montana and the Dakotas with three other dramatic-school graduates, giving "songs, recitations, and dancing." Only one of the four girls had ever been below the Mason and Dixon line, but they were billed as "The Southern Belles."

berty proudly links its
ast with the career of a
et who became a star

with Dorothy

By
REDERICK LEWIS

It wasn't a successful tour at all, and it came to a calamitous end when—in Cut Bank, Montana, Dorothy thinks it was, or it may have been Whitefish, in the same state—the act played to one usher and a ticket taker who had that night joined the ranks of the unemployed.

Followed a vaudeville "engagement" in which Dorothy rehearsed three months and played three days. The night this second show folded—in Brooklyn it was—Dorothy read her first notice, a piece about the act by Jack Lait in Variety, which concluded with the line:

"There was also a skinny blonde who waved her arms."

Tearfully she made her way back to Manhattan, climbed onto a stool in a Broadway counter joint for a midnight cup of coffee. The counterman noted the great pear-shaped tears which dropped into the cup, and did his best to comfort her.

"Here," he said; "take this and forget your troubles."

He handed her a copy of Variety.

Dorothy didn't cry long. Next morning she prettied herself up again and started off on another tour of the vaudeville agencies—the beginning of about two years of only intermittently successful effort to crash the two-a-day or even the five-a-day. But let Dorothy tell it:

Oh, Vaudeville! Oh, Vaudeville!
To me you are a bitter pill!
The booking makes me very blue.
I work a week and lay off two. . . .

Brief engagements, when they came, rated only sustenance, a nickel fare, and a dismal room of which she wrote:

I do not mind it very much,
For I can close my eyes and see
A little Paradise in blue
Where I would like to be.

Blue dressing gown, blue cushioned chair,
An amber-shaded lamp above,
A glowing fire, a cup of tea,
And some one there I love. . . .

Then came the You're Not the Type period in which she haunted the waiting rooms of producers of Broadway's so-called legitimate dramatic fare without getting even so much as a bite.

Girls looking for jobs in the theater face a tough problem. Managers want only actresses with experience, and actresses cannot get experience if managers won't give them jobs. Youngsters spend hours sitting in producers' outer offices hoping that the big man will chance to walk through the room and notice them or that the office boy will actually unbend to the point of letting them into the inner sanctum. It was while spending an afternoon in Edgar Selwyn's office hoping to see Mr. Selwyn that she wrote You're Not the Type. P. S.: She has never yet met Edgar Selwyn.

The first job of any durability which she was able to flag in the legitimate drama was with Leo Dietrichstein, a star of major magnitude during her first years in New York. The role was that of a ballet dancer and called for the wearing of tights.

This presented difficulties, for Miss Stickney's legs, due to her many sieges of illness, were still quite as skinny as the arms which she had waved so disastrously in her three-day vaudeville engagement. The theater has a remedy for this sort of thing, or rather two remedies. They are called "symmetricals" and are a form of tights padded in just the right places to give the appearance of shapeliness even if you have it not. A company in Brooklyn makes very good ones, so Dorothy returned to the field of her earlier failure to prepare for her future triumph. But symmetricals, she found, must be made to order—and the show was due to open the following week in Chicago. But on the company's firm promise to send the parcel posthaste by parcel post, Dorothy tooled blithely west for Michigan Boulevard.

Came the afternoon of the day of the opening night, and those symmetricals had not arrived. This time the situation was tragic. To appear without them would be to lose her job. So the postmaster of Chicago, no less, found himself confronted by a thin, desperate young girl, again definitely tearful, who demanded that he drop all of the rest of Uncle Sam's work and attend to a matter of life and death.

Three hours later, after giving Chicago's central post office the most thorough overhauling it has had since the Fire, Dorothy, the postmaster, and three clerks reeled out of a basement huddle with a pair of symmetricals calculated to save Dorothy's job.

As for that play, even its name, Toto, has long since been forgotten by most people. But Dorothy remembers the name well, because the one line she was permitted to speak was:

"Oh, Toto!"

When the show closed—as all shows always have and all shows, with the possible exception of Life With Father, always will—Dorothy took to the Broadway theater trail again. This time, in her rounds of the producers' offices, she ran into a former drama-school chum who had married into the stock-company business. Said chum was catching a train for New Bedford, where she was to play the feminine leads in a season of stock, and on an impulse she offered to drag Dorothy along as ingénue. Dorothy caught the train, too.

The manager, after watching her work, declared that she had "no acting sense." (If he is like most of his tribe, he is probably telling people now that he "discovered" Dorothy Stickney!) But the old school chum fought up for her, and Dorothy stayed on, perfectly happy learning a new part and giving ten to twelve performances every week. But it was hard work for the little girl who was still not too well. As she says:

To work a season thru in Stock
Is quite enough to stop a clock! . . .
Our working hours are twenty-four.
If days were longer they'd be more.
But all our busy days and nights
We dream of fame in Broadway lights.

Broadway did not beckon just then, but Skowhegan did. By that time the summer theater had come into its own, and the Lakewood Theater at Skowhegan, Maine, had become its northernmost and some say its highest beacon.

Nothing much happened the first year except that Al Lewis, who was associated with Sam Harris in the production of a play called The Nervous Wreck, saw Dorothy doing a bit part at Skowhegan, and thought well enough of her to engage her to understudy June Walker in the feminine lead of that comedy.

Dorothy learned a good deal of theater that summer at Skowhegan, and even more in her ten weeks of inactivity as the healthy Miss Walker's understudy. She saw Otto Kruger, the star of the play, who was very ill at the time, go on night after night with a temperature of 103° and give brilliant performances. Since then, whenever she has been ill, unless absolutely unable to get to the theater, she too has gone on night after night, playing her scenes brilliantly, convincingly.

At the end of the second season at Skowhegan the little Stickney girl and Howard Lindsay, who had joined the company as stage director, were engaged to be married. The succeeding winter passed uneventfully as far as theatrical events went, but otherwise—well, no one can tell about Dorothy like Dorothy herself:

By way of the park on a misty night
We enter the country of heart's delight;
Away from realities dross and drab,
My love and I in a hansom-cab.

The clock in a neighboring tower shows two.
The hurrying cars in the park are few,
So we jog along on our hansom throne,
The king and queen of a land our own. . . .

So hand in hand in a sweet content
We drive and drive till the money's spent.

THERE were lesser but not to be ignored reasons for content. Her long period of fairly continuous employment had enabled her to realize another aspiration: her home, though still not “ a little Paradise in blue,” was no longer the furnished-room horror of other days.

And other dreams were about to come true, too. In her third Maine summer she went out from Skowhegan, first into a play called The Squall and then into a play called Chicago. The first, stormy chiefly in name, was a play in which Blanche Yurka later starred in New York. In the tryout Dorothy played the small but good part of Anita, and on Broadway she repeated in the same role—her first appearance in serious drama in the metropolis. The critics were pleasantly receptive to the young newcomer.

Dorothy had liked playing in The Squall in Skowhegan. She liked playing in it in New York. But the real excitement of the summer season had been her discovery, in the script of Maurine Watkins' Chicago, of the part of Crazy Liz, the half-demented scrubwoman in Cook County Jail. Just why a pretty girl like Dorothy Stickney should want to make herself up like a crazy scrubwoman, no one not born for the theater—Hollywood cuties, for example—will ever know. But that was what Dorothy wanted to do. In fact, she set her heart on it.

“ She badgered the managers, Sam Harris, and the author,” said her husband, “ and was led to believe she would be given a chance at the part, when, just after The Squall had opened, she learned that Chicago was in rehearsal. She dashed back to Mr. Harris' office, to learn that some one else had been engaged. She begged the chance to watch the rehearsals in case they were disappointed in the actress engaged for the part. When Dorothy had made up her mind to something, it was difficult for any one to say no to her; so Mr. Harris agreed that she could watch the rehearsals if she would sit quietly in the dark in the back of the theater.

YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE

By Dorothy Stickney

I looked for work in early Fall,
And could not find a part at all.
I looked and looked and looked and then
I looked and looked and looked again.
And looked and looked, and now it's Spring,
And still I haven't anything.

Too fat, too thin, too short, too tall,
Too blonde, too dark, too large, too small.
An office boy my dream would thwart,
"You're not the type," I heard him snort.
So then I asked a big producer,
"Please let me play a part for you, sir."

He turned away and lit his pipe
And shortly said: "You're not the type."
A playwright next I interviewed,
My heart with brightest hopes imbued.
And as my eye he saw me wipe,
He softly said: "You're not the type."

To see an agent then I went,
My shoes worn out, my money spent.
The agent smiled and said: "My dear,
You're not the type. Come in next year,
For doubtless then we'll be engaging."
And I departed, madly raging.

So here within my furnished room,
At last I face my awful doom.
I'll die and go, I hope, above.
And this is what I'm thinking of:
Perhaps if I am very good
And play my harp as angels should,

St. Peter will be kind to me,
And lend me once his golden key.
I hope to see upon the stair,
Imploring for admittance there,
Producers, playwrights, agents too,
And all the deadly office crew.

When my familiar face they see,
They'll say: "Don't you remember me?"
Then from the pearly gates I'll pipe:
"Oh, go to hell! You're not the type."

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“ She hurried to the theater and sat quietly, as instructed. The rehearsal seemed to be at a standstill. A few minutes later Mr. Harris walked into the theater, and she heard the stage director say he could not continue further because the girl engaged for Crazy Liz had not appeared. Mr. Harris looked around and saw Miss Stickney sitting in the back and called her to the stage. She rehearsed her first scene, and he took her back to the office with him and gave her a contract. She scored a distinct hit and the play ran all season.”

This is the only engagement secured by Miss Stickney in her fight to the top which may seem to have come easily, almost by chance. But the fact was that since midsummer she had been rehearsing every night, in the privacy of her room, the role of Crazy Liz. She knew every word, every intonation, every nuance of this most difficult part. And so when Sam Harris beckoned to her across the footlights of that darkened rehearsal theater, she was ready for the supreme test.

Once a character actress, always a character actress—or so it seems even when as pretty a girl as Dorothy Stickney wins her first great success in that type of role. (Mr. Lindsay's statement that she “ scored a distinct hit ” is too modest: she was *the* hit, not only of the play but of the season —the most discussed, the most highly praised actress in New York.) Followed in quick succession March Hares, The Front Page, Philip Goes Forth—all hits, all requiring Dorothy to look drab and to act crazy or downright bad. Not until she was allowed to wash her face and wear clothes befitting her age and beauty, as Stella in Another Language, did her admirers out front—who by this time were in the thousands—realize that their idol was young and pretty and joyous. Even then, the spell was not entirely broken so far as the Broadway managers were concerned: when On Borrowed Time was produced, she was commandeered to play Granny!

But now she has the gorgeous part of Vinnie, Father's long-suffering but utterly charming wife, who is not young in the most-glamorous-deb-of-1941 sense, but who is undeniably pretty in that flowerlike, birdlike way so characteristic of the fascinatingly unusual young woman who, in private life, is Mrs. Howard Lindsay.

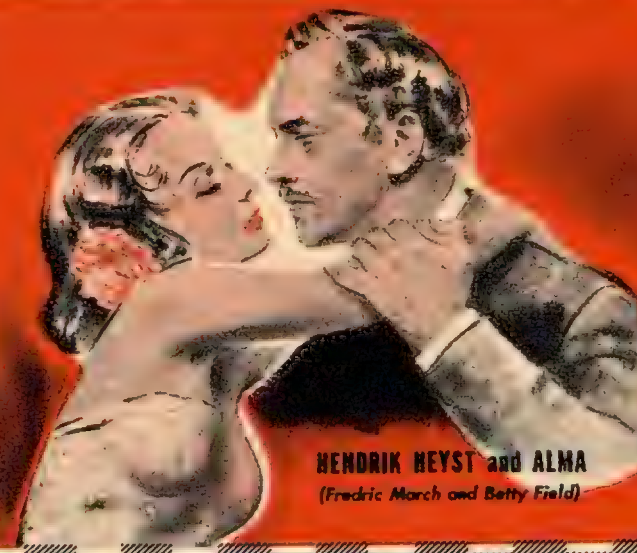
AND so we leave the lovely lady—but not without recording, with her expert aid, still one other of her dreams which has come wonderfully, almost miraculously true.

Years ago, before she rated a dressing room of her own, Dorothy wrote these lines to an imaginary dressing room which she hoped sometime would be hers:

I love my little dressing room,
It smells of grease paint and perfume.
It gives me two glad hours' reprieve
From my dull self, with make-believe.
It knows my joys. It knows my tears.
It knows how brief are actors' years. . . .

And now each night she sits, as she dresses for Life With Father, in the most famous dressing room in America, the one back stage in New York's Empire where Maude Adams dressed for Peter Pan, where Bernhardt dressed, and Anglin, and Barrymore and Hayes and Cornell—the throne room of the American theater!

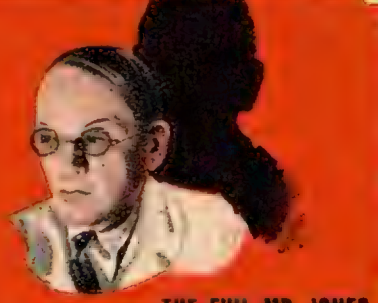
THE END



HENDRIK HEYST and ALMA
(Fredric March and Betty Field)

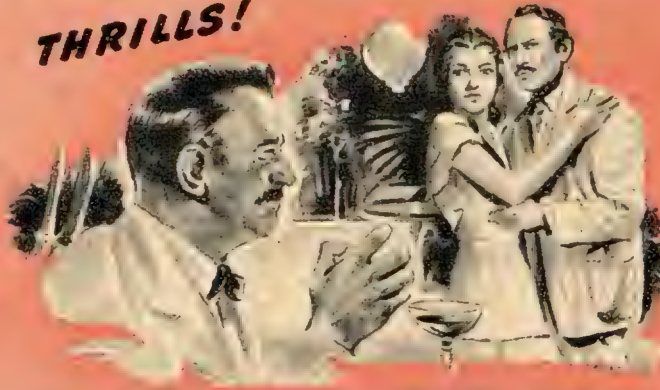
VICTORY for LOVE!

The Daring Battle of a Woman Scorned for the Heart of the Man She Loves.



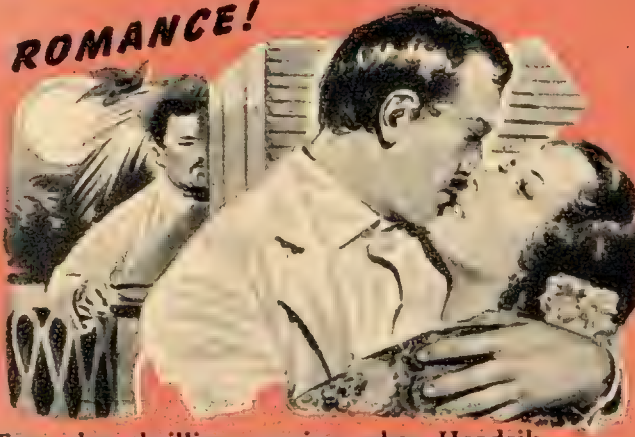
THE EVIL MR. JONES
(Sir Cedric Hardwicke)

THRILLS!



When woman-wary Hendrik (FREDRIC MARCH) rescues Alma (BETTY FIELD) from the uncouth caresses of the fat Schomberg in evil Sourabaya . . . it is not for love!

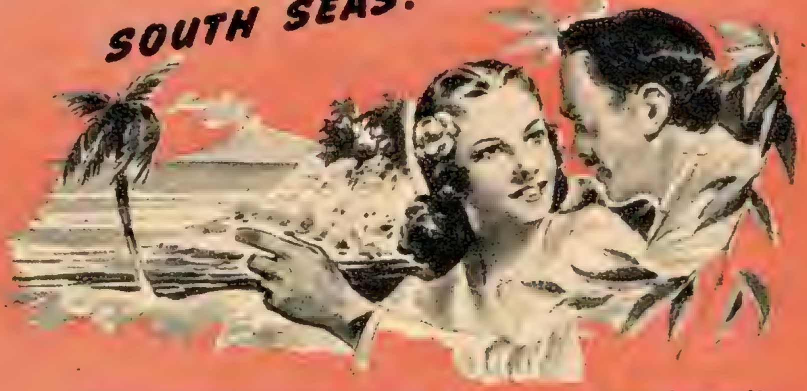
ROMANCE!



Even that thrilling evening when Hendrik can't resist holding her in his arms, when he can't resist kissing her, Alma knows it is only the magic of the moonlight, of the daring dress she wears . . . *it is not love!*

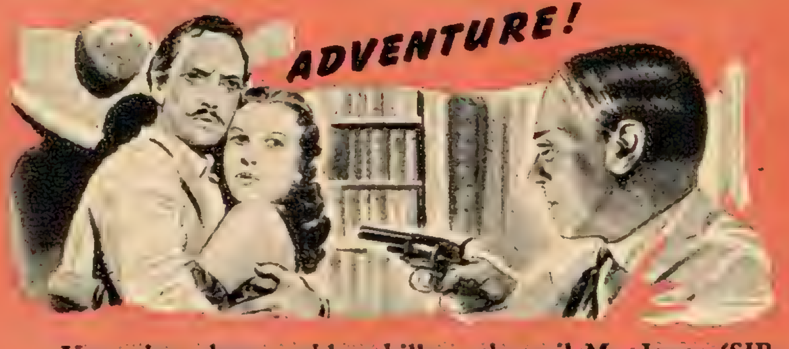
. . . *But can she win?* Will her trick turn against her? You'll find the thrilling answers in this mighty Joseph Conrad drama enacted gloriously upon the screen by a great Paramount all-star cast.

SOUTH SEAS!



When Hendrik allows Alma to share his island paradise of tropic Samburan, Alma sees only pity for her in his eyes... the pity a gentleman would show any woman in distress.

ADVENTURE!



Yet, when those ruthless killers, the evil Mr. Jones (SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE) and his two henchmen, invade peaceful Samburan, Alma sees her chance to fight for Hendrik's life . . . to win a victory over his stubborn heart.

Paramount Presents

FREDRIC MARCH
BETTY FIELD
in Joseph Conrad's

"VICTORY"

AN ISLAND TALE

with **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE**

Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Screen Play by John L. Balderston • Based on the Novel by Joseph Conrad

Ask your Theatre Manager when this Paramount Hit is coming!

RICARDO
(Jerome Cowan)

SCHOMBERG
(Sig Rumann)

MRS. SCHOMBERG
(Margaret Wycherly)

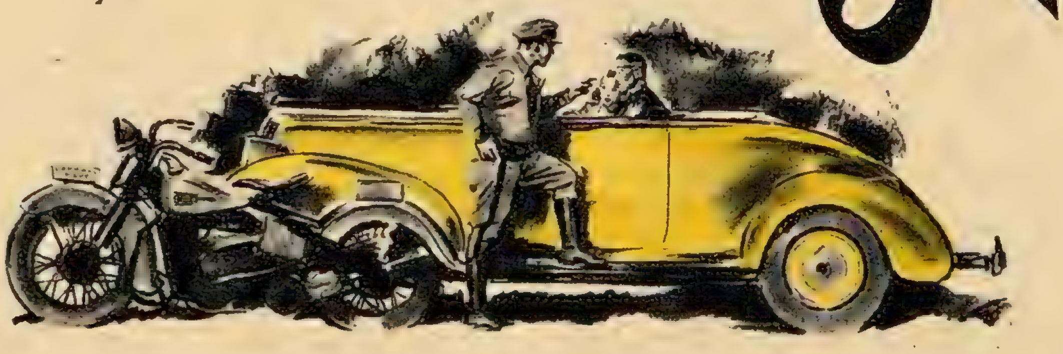
SENOR MAKANOFF
(Fritz Feld)

PEDRO
(Lionel Royce)

Remember Agai

By

ROGER GARIS



READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SHE was very young and very pretty with a bright, eager loveliness as she sat at the bar of the almost empty Stork Club that late summer afternoon sipping a cocktail. Kent, staring at her, was reminded of some one, but he couldn't think who, until she spoke.

"Hello," she said. "Tomorrow is a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," he said.

"I spoke to you," she told him, "because you look entirely too serious. You aren't old enough to be serious."

"I'm thirty-seven," he said.

"You can't be. You *can't.* You haven't any gray hair. You're too young. And you're very handsome. Do you know you're very handsome?"

"No," Kent said.

"Well, you are. Let's be introduced. My name is Myra Lord. My father is very rich. If you don't like spoiled rich girls, you'd better leave."

"I've no objections," Kent said. "My name is Kent Traynor, and I'm not rich."

She said: "Tell me why you were staring at me. You *were* staring at me, just before I spoke. Did you know that?"

"You reminded me of some one, and I was trying to think who it was."

"Who was it?"

"It wasn't a single person. It was—a class of persons. A group. A phase. It's hard to explain—"

"Maybe it is, but you'd better do it," Myra said.

"Have you ever read any of F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories?"

"No."

"Fitzgerald wrote about a certain period in our history he called the Jazz Age. It was after the war—the other war. Around 1922. When there were speakeasies and hobble skirts and petting parties and hip flasks and a great reckless flaming cloud over all this part of the world. And, so far as we were concerned, the world was youth—nothing else existed. In that world were girls like you."

"Nice girls?"

"Yes, nice girls. Gay, and triumphant, and eager, and terribly young, most of them—just as you are—but they were nice. Sometimes the fires they kept burning in themselves blazed too brightly and consumed them. But they weren't bad. They just wanted to live at white heat."

"I want to live at white heat," said Myra.

"I was a student at Princeton. We used to come to New York weekends. We used to take out girls like you."

"Did you fall in love with them?"

"Maybe it was love. A kind of love that was peculiar to us. A variation of the same theme. It seldom ended in marriage."

"That's good." She moved her shoulders. "But you've seen girls like me since then—I mean, if you've been around New York lately—"

"I've been in London for five years," he said. "I was manager of a branch of an American bank there. I haven't been back in all that time. Now—I'm back for good. I got in yesterday on the American Legion."

"London!" Her small hand went out and touched his arm. "That's why you look so serious."

"I'm home now. A week in New York, to complete some business, and then—"

"What then?"

"Newton, Massachusetts, if you know where that is. The girl I'm engaged to lives there. She worked in our bank in London for four years—that's where we met. We were going to be married last September, but there was the war, and I made her take one of the first boats back. So—we'll be married in Newton. Now you know my whole history." He raised his drink. "To the Jazz Age!"

"To the Jazz Age," she repeated. Then she looked at him. "Even if you are engaged, would it be all right to have dinner with me?" she asked.

"It would be fine," Kent said.

Later they left the Stork and went to 'Mon Paris. Kent looked about him with a vague nostalgia. There were hazy recollections struggling upward in his brain, yet he felt they were not memories of this place but rather of other places in an earlier age. Tony's. The Pre Cat. The Park Avenue. The Club Napoleon. Different, of course—liquor was outlawed, and the serving of it became an important function—but the men and girls here were rather like the ones in those days. Vivid, too gay, too tensed in their seizure of pleasure. One young man in a sport coat was at a small piano in the corner. Two girls and another youth were singing Smiles.

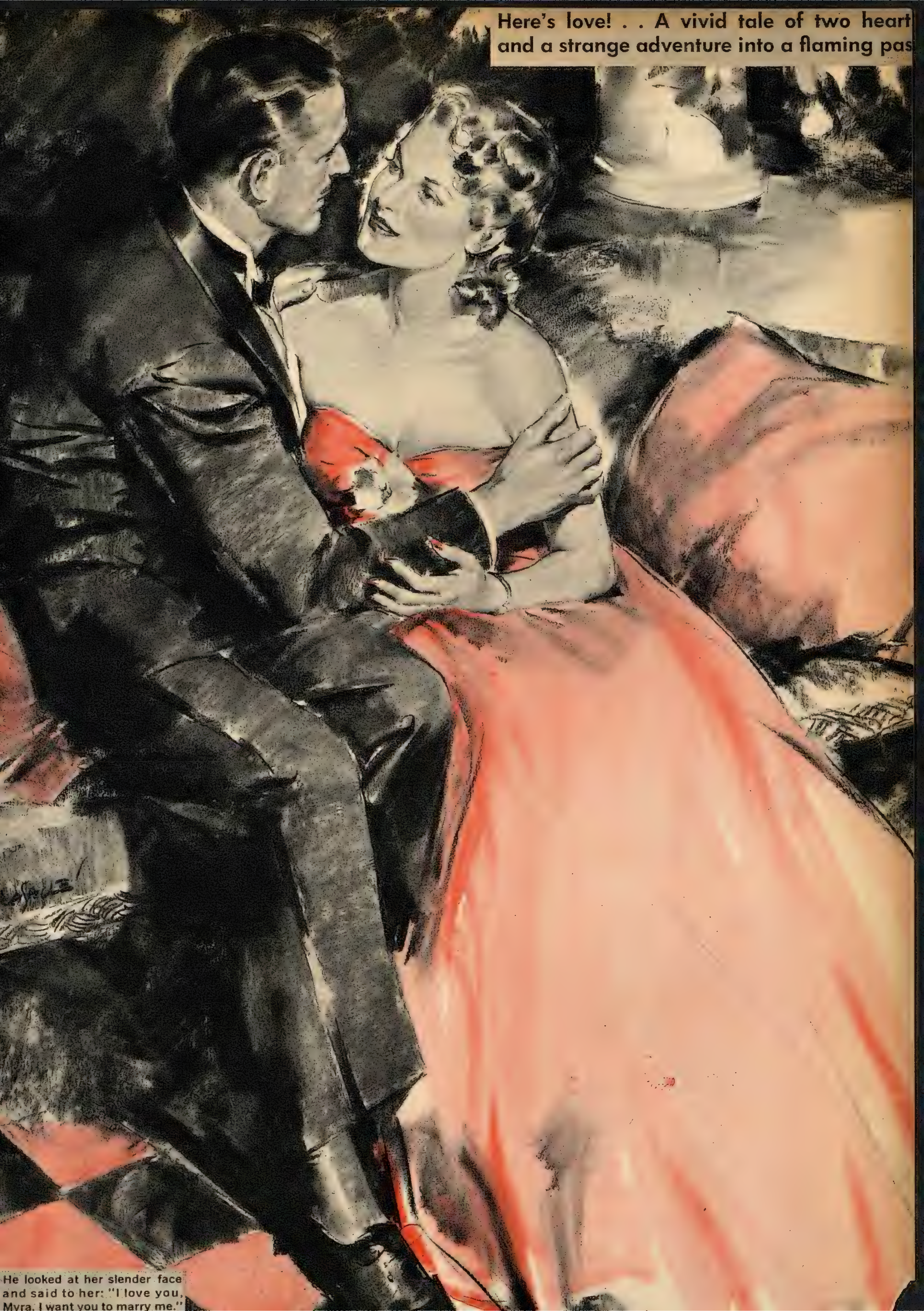
Kent exclaimed: "Why bring that up?"

"What—that song? Oh, we're singing all the oldies now. Oh, Johnnie, and Japanese Sandman, and By the Sea, and All Alone, and Irene, and old war songs, too."

Myra discovered some people she knew at a table, and they joined them. "This is Mr. Kent Traynor," Myra told them. "Isn't he handsome? He's just returned from London. He's going to marry a girl in Newton, Mass."

They wanted to know all about London and the war. Kent slurred over a few phrases and changed the subject. Somehow he and Myra were holding hands. Somehow they were smiling at each other—often, as though they had a secret together.

Later Kent organized a quartet, pledged not to sing any song less than fifteen years old. Kent would call out their demands to Charlie Murray.



Here's love! . . A vivid tale of two heart
and a strange adventure into a flaming pas

He looked at her slender face and said to her: "I love you, Myra. I want you to marry me."

Ja-Da! Chinatown, Whispering, Turkey Trot, Where Do We Go from Here, Boys? Dardanella—Charlie's band knew them all. Johnnie Sorens, on the drums, contributed a specialty of The Sheik that was marvelous.

"Myra," Kent said once, "do you believe that time can be turned back?"

"I believe anything you believe," said Myra.

"You're beautiful," Kent said. "I could fall in love with you, Myra, but I mustn't."

"I could fall in love with you, too, Kent."

AROUND midnight they decided to go to El Morocco. One of the boys had an expensive car parked in front, and they all piled into that.

"The Jazz Age," Kent said. "Myra, this is the return of the Jazz Age. Shall we go to Texas Guinan's?"

"Texas Guinan is dead," some one said.

"No, my friend," Kent denied. "Texas is not dead. She lives. Let us go there."

Myra kissed him and said he was wonderful.

"Indeed I am," Kent agreed. "But we mustn't forget I have to get back to school before tomorrow morning. I haven't any more chapel cuts left."

At El Morocco Myra found more of her friends, and Kent was swirled into another group of exuberant youths and flushed, desirous girls. He danced with several of them, their flowerlike faces held up to his, their bodies pressed close to him. "Oh, you're a marvelous dancer!" they said. And, "You're terrifically handsome, darling!" And "Let's kiss each other, shall we?"

Myra edged through the crowd on the dance floor and took him away from a platinum blonde with thin black eyebrows.

"He's mine," she said. "I don't allow poaching."

"Another five minutes and title would have changed," the blonde said.

Afterward Kent and Myra became separated from the crowd and were at the side, alone. Myra's arm was through his. "I like it here, don't you, Kent?" she said.

"Yes," Kent said. "Myra, has New York been this way long? I mean people laughing and having a good time, and all the pretty flappers —the jazz babies—"

"As far as I'm concerned, it has," Myra said. "You've been in a war. You've forgotten what New York is like."

"I've forgotten what a lot of things are like," Kent said.

"Here's to remembering again," said Myra.

"To remembering again," said Kent.

It was after three when they left El Morocco. The boy with the car had disappeared, but another with one just as impressive, but of different make, took his place.

"I think I'd better go home now," Myra said. "Kent, where are you staying?"

"The Biltmore," Kent told her, "I used to meet you under the clock at the Biltmore in those other days. Don't you remember, Myra?"

"Pete can take me home and then drop you off," she said.

Myra lived on Central Park West, in a triplex apartment. At her door she asked: "Coming in, Kent?"

He looked at her for a long moment. They were standing close.

"No," he said.

"Then will you call me tomorrow? It isn't in the book. Have you got a pencil?"

He scribbled down the number she gave him. "I'll telephone you about noon," he said.

"About two o'clock," she corrected. "Then you can call for me and we'll go out together. I'm not going to have any other dates while you are in New York. A week, Kent?"

"I never knew that Nate and Tessie were—*that way* about each other."

"A week, Myra."

"Kiss me good night."

His lips were upon hers. She clung to him a moment fiercely, and then she stepped back swiftly.

"Kent," she said, "am I doing harm to the girl in Newton?"

"No," he answered. "This is in parentheses."

"It's all right for you to have a little fun, isn't it? You've been so long away. I mean, in all that horror. At the end of the week you'll go to Newton and we'll never see each other again. But for just this week . . ."

"I'll telephone," he said, "at two o'clock."

He awoke with the strange spell of nostalgia still upon him. The past was crowding him close again, and it was an effort to shake it off. He sent a telegram to Phyllis, saying that his business affairs were being settled slowly, and then after breakfast he went to the home bank and spent several hours in conferences. Exactly at two he called Myra. A maid answered and said Miss Lord would come to the phone.

Myra's voice was sleepy but there was a clear note of gladness in it. "When will you be here?" she demanded.

"Is an hour all right?"

"That will be—no, better make it an hour and a half. Isn't it a perfect day, Kent! Shall we go riding in the park?"

"Walking. I haven't any riding clothes."

"All right, walking," she said.

It was lovely in the park. The grassy acres were so green from the rains of late summer that gazing at them was like stepping under a cool soothing shower. On the sides of the walks flowers sprang up gaily, filling the air with their scent. Children scampered, laughing, about the lawns, enjoying their last freedom before school opened. Along the bridle paths groups of riders trotted casually.

"This," said Kent, "is hard to believe. In London we grew so used to air-raid alarms that they seemed a regular part of life."

"Was it bad?" Myra asked gently.

"Pretty bad. Most of the people kept their nerve, but it was that waiting, waiting . . ."

"We're due at the Stork at five," Myra said quickly. "I told Pete and Lucy we'd meet them there for cocktails. You remember Pete and Lucy, don't you?"

Kent nodded. "Pete took us home."

"That's right! Now we're going to forget war and everything connected with it. Remember, this is the return of the Jazz Age! That's what you said last night."

"I remember," Kent smiled. "On to the Stork Club! Flaming youth, we salute thee!"

THE Stork was crowded when they got there, and they spied Pete and Lucy at a table in a corner.

"Best we could get," Pete said. "Lot of visiting firemen, or something. Hi, Kent. How do you like America?"

"Ah, ze beeg buildings!" Kent said. "Ze sky line, eet ees magnificent."

"So is your line, honey," Lucy said. "Sit, you two. Myra, you look lovely. Kent, are you in love with her yet?"

"What do you mean, yet?" Kent demanded. "I was in love with her fifteen years ago, wasn't I, Myra?"

"He's sliding back again into that other life of his," Myra explained. "He thinks I'm a reincarnation of all the girls he knew then."

The afternoon was practically a repetition of the day before. Groups of men and girls eddied about their table and a constant scream of greetings shot from one end of the room to the other like streamers at a New Year's party. By seven o'clock the bar was lined three deep. A little dark-haired girl with a lisp was sitting on Kent's knee murmuring: "You're thweet. Do you know you're thweet?"

People Kent never recalled seeing before hailed him as an old friend;

he concluded he must have met them last night. Myra seemed to know every one. At one time there were six young men all clamoring for her attention.

"Are you having a good time, darling?" she called to Kent. "We're not frightening you, are we?"

"This is old home week for me!" he shouted back. "I used to do this when you were in your perambulator!"

Some time later Myra brushed aside a section of her admirers, pushed the dark-haired lisper off Kent's knee, and took his hand firmly.

"We're going to the Bancroft party," she announced. "The boy who was going to take me can't make it. I told him he couldn't. Have you got dress clothes?"

"Yes," Kent said, "but not tails."

"Dinner jacket will do. Let's be going. It takes me hours to get ready."

The taxi was one of those with a sliding top, and they sat back with their faces turned up to the darkening sky. Upon them breathed the soft evening breeze, dancing lightly amid Myra's close-cut golden hair.

"'The cup comes to the lips but once, so drink deep,'" Kent murmured. "'Nor hope there may be any second draught.'"

"What's that?" Myra asked.

"Part of a verse written by a friend of mine in college," Kent told her. "He was a symbol of the Jazz Age. If he hadn't died, he would have been a pretty good writer, I think."

"How did he die?"

"Got into a fight in a speakeasy. Some one hit him and he fell and struck his head on the brass rail."

"Oh. . . ." Myra's eyes were squeezed shut for a brief instant. "Please don't tell me things like that, Kent. . . ."

"I'm sorry." He took her hand. "They were a part of the picture that wasn't so pleasant. They did happen once in a while. . . . Well, here we are. What time shall I stop for you?"

"Ten-ish," Myra said.

SHE wore the orchids he sent her just below her heart. From the strapless tight-waisted gown her breast and shoulders rose like a white blossom. She saw the admiration in his eyes, and her own deepened in response.

"Will I do?" she asked.

He gazed at her without speaking. Then: "Yes, Myra, you'll do. . . . Where is this party we're going to? Is it far?"

"No," she said. "At Eighty-sixth."

They were strangely silent during the ride. They sat apart in the cab and Myra's hands were folded in her lap. Once Kent said: "There is less traffic than I expected. New York does slow down now and then, I suppose."

Myra said: "The theaters will be out soon. We're between rush hours."

The Bancrofts lived in one of those huge gray-stone houses that are now almost anachronisms in New York. When Myra and Kent entered the long brightly lighted hall, he drew a quick breath, for in his junior year at Princeton he had attended a deb party in a house remarkably like this one. It might actually be the same house. He didn't remember the name of the deb who gave the party—such things weren't important in those days—nor just where the house was located. But the party itself remained in his memory, for there was something about a girl and a car and a feverish drive to somewhere to get married. It was all quite vague, for he couldn't even recall what had stopped them.

It was a peculiar sensation, that flashback. He felt like Peter Standish in Berkeley Square.

AT the entrance to the ballroom a slender girl with tremendous sea-blue eyes rushed up to them.

"Myra! Darling, I'm so glad you could come! We're having a perfectly foul time, Benny Goodman can't get here until after midnight and we had to substitute." She turned her gaze frankly upon Kent. "This is the one, isn't it?"

"What do you mean, this is the one?" Myra countered. "His name is Kent Traynor, and he's—"

"Oh, don't be so naïve!" the girl exclaimed. "I know all about him. Everybody knows. He's been in London for five years and he just got in on the American Legion and you're crazy about him. The Stork and El Morocco and Twenty-One aren't exactly hide-outs, Myra." She offered her hand. "I'm Ceil Bancroft, the one who is giving this brawl. Please let me show you to people."

"Not without me," Myra said, as Kent started to murmur something in response to Ceil's greeting. "Don't you know I'm Kent's composite love from long ago? He'd be lost without me."

There was a bar erected at one end of the dance floor. They fought their way through the crowd and stood there for a while and then Kent danced with Myra and with Ceil. Later he danced with other girls, most of whom seemed to have met him before, or at least to have heard about him. For a timeless period he danced with many girls, and then vaguely he was aware that he hadn't seen Myra lately. The band—it must be Benny Goodman by now, he thought, because of the strange contortions of some of the dancers—began a cycle of the old songs, and Kent found himself in an entwined circle of girls and young men singing Mickey, and You'd Be Surprised, and Smile the While. They had nearly exhausted their repertoire when Kent suddenly realized that he wanted to see Myra.

He found her dancing with a stubby youth who was stopping every few feet to give his imitation of Edward Arnold's laugh. Kent slid between them during one of these episodes and quickly danced Myra toward the door.

"Let's get some air," he said.

"There's a side veranda," Myra said. "It opens out from the music room."

She led him down the hall and through a darkened room to a large French window, which Kent opened, and then they were on a small porch over a garden and concealed from the street by a high hedge.

There was a couch against a wall, and Kent and Myra sat on this, their shoulders touching. Faintly there came to them the swing version of My Man. The veranda was open to the sky, and above them was a canopy of stars.

"Nice?" Myra murmured.

"Very nice," he said gravely. "Myra—"

"Yes?"

"Nothing," he said. "I was just thinking — that tune — the other war—"

"You might," Myra said, "put your arm around me."

It seemed to Kent that a wave rising within him was washing away the present and the recent past, leaving exposed the scenes and sensations of long ago. Those years abroad, his association with Phyllis, the war, the trip home on the American Legion, all that became so remote as to make him feel it had never happened. The hectic times of his youth, the endless succession of week-ends, house parties at college, football games, pretty girls whose motto was laugh or die, nights in New York when the town was one glittering jewel on each facet of which was a night club or a speakeasy—those were real, those were the memories that welled up and took complete possession of him.

"'Life is a spear which some seek to escape,'" he said. "'I would prefer impalement on the shaft.'"

"That's more of the verse by your friend who died?" Myra asked.

"Yes," Kent answered. "Myra, what is reality?"

"This," Myra said.

"Not pleasures that happened in other times but which you remember so well they seem part of the present?"

"Oh, yes, those too, for they *are* part of the present. On them we build these pleasures."

"How do you know so much, Myra? You're too young to know so much. And too pretty."

"Thank you, darling. I think you'd better kiss me."

The orchestra was playing Linger Awhile. Kent held Myra to him for many heartbeats. Then he released her, and putting his hands on her bare shoulders he looked at her slender face, shadowy under the starlight, and said to her: "I love you, Myra. I want you to marry me."

"I love you, too, Kent," she said. "When shall we be married?"

"Now. Tonight." The wave had taken him out to sea. He was being tossed helplessly on its great surges.

"Where can we be married tonight?"

"Greenwich used to be the place to go. We can drive there."

"What about that girl in Newton?"

"I'll tell her in the morning. I'll telephone. . . ." He was filled with a flaming excitement. He felt drunk. "This is something that has to be. We can't stop it—don't you know that, Myra?"

"I know it, Kent," she said.

"WE'LL have to get a car. Or we could take a taxi. . . ."

"I'll get Pete to lend us his. He's here with Lucy. He won't mind. Kent, kiss me again."

"Myra dear . . ."

After a moment: "Hurry. Let's hurry, Kent. I'll find Pete and get the keys. I'll meet you at the front door in five minutes. Oh, darling, I do love you! I'll be the best wife in the world to you. . . ."

He didn't bother to get his hat. He had a conviction that unless he went ahead swiftly, very swiftly, it would be too late, and he would lose that which was the most important thing in life. Don't stop—for anything—

Myra ran to him as he stood by the door. "I've got it!" she cried. "I've got the key! Pete says the car is just around the corner."

"Come on, then," Kent said, and took her arm. They ran down the steps and along the street to the corner and down the dark side street until they found Pete's car. Kent yanked open the front door and Myra got in.

"Maybe I'd better drive," she said. "You haven't any New York license, have you?"

"No," he said; "but I want to drive."

Before he turned the key in the ignition lock he kissed her again. Then he swung around the corner and headed uptown.

"Go along the West Side Highway," Myra told him. "We want to hit the Cross-County Highway. Then the Hutchinson River Parkway."

"Very pretty names," Kent said. "I don't remember them."

They were going fast but there was little traffic. Myra had only a light wrap, and she huddled close to Kent.

"Sing to me," Kent said.

"What shall I sing?"

"Do you know Drifting and Dreaming?"

"Not all the words. I know the words to Whispering."

She had a sweet true voice, not impressive but poignant. "'Whispering, while you cuddle near me. Whispering, where no one can hear me. . . .'"

"That's very lovely, Myra."

"Thank you, dear. . . . Shouldn't we go a bit slower? There are curves. . . ."

"Never. Never slow down, Myra. That's fatal."

Strange, he seemed to have said that to her before. When? They were on the new broad highway now. The needle on the dash touched 65.

"I love you, Myra," Kent said. "I've loved you for fifteen years. We should have got married that other time."

"What other time?" Myra asked, startled.

"When we started for Greenwich before, to get married. We weren't in this car. Whose car were we in? And what happened—why didn't we get married? Funny, I can't recall."

"Kent," Myra said, "are you all right? You're not tight. . . ."

"I'm not tight. Not on liquor. . . . Myra, do you love me?"

"Yes," she said.

"That's good." He took a deep breath. "Because I love you very much. Remember that. Some of this does seem a dream—but that isn't—that's real, that's true—"

"Don't you think you're going too fast, darling?" suggested Myra.

George Mabie

"Promise now—no flip-flops, no landing in treetops!"

"HARDTACK"
LOLLIPOPS 2 FOR 1¢
COFFEE

"Let's have two cents' worth of caramels and a box of toothpicks!"

"Too fast? No, Myra. We went fast before, didn't we? Only something happened. I wish I could remember what happened. We've got to go fast now, so nothing can stop us—faster—faster than before—"

"No, Kent! Please slow down!"

"See the speedometer? Up to seventy-five. Familiar number—seventy-five. The French seventy-five. We'll go to France on our honeymoon, darling. We'll go to Nice and Cannes and Juan-les-Pins and Paris—and—no, something happened at Paris, too, didn't it?"

"Kent! Slow down! That truck ahead—Kent, Kent! Oh, God—"

As he twisted the wheel desperately and missed the truck by a feather's breadth, they did not hear the scream of the siren behind them, nor were they aware of the motorcycle ridden by the state trooper until it was parallel with their front wheels.

"Pull over!" A hoarse violent voice assaulted them. "Pull over or I'll put a bullet in your tire!"

"Kent," Myra gasped, "stop—you've got to stop—"

Kent faced her for a flashing second, and by the dashlight she saw a curious change come over his face. It was as though he were awaking from sleep, passing from some vivid dream into reality. Just an instant, just the briefest part of a moment, and then he glanced at the officer, said: "This is what happened before," and swerved to the side of the road.

They waited. Myra's head was lowered. Kent said to the officer: "Were we going too fast?"

"Too fast? Too fast?" the trooper yelled. "Do you realize you almost got killed back there? What are you trying to do—grab yourself a passport for the next world?"

"I was in another world," Kent said. "I'm back in this one now. I suppose I should thank you, officer." He looked at Myra. Her face was pale. "Sorry, Myra. I guess we're both back, aren't we?"

"Yes," she said.

"It was beautiful while it lasted. We didn't get quite far enough away, did we? There's no use trying to find it again. You wouldn't marry me now. We're at the end of the love scene, aren't we?"

"At the end," she repeated. "Kent, it's all over—it's all over—"

"That's the way it is with me, too," he said. "Don't cry, darling—What else could we expect? In a few days I'll be on my way to Newton—"

"You'll be on your way to jail if I hear any more of that!" the officer snapped. "What's your name? I suppose you forgot your license! Why don't you playboys grow up?"

"Sometimes," Kent said, "it's very difficult to grow up."

"LONDON Has Four Air Raid Alarms During Night," was the headline of the paper the bellboy brought him with his breakfast.

He began to think of London before the war. Of the side street near the Museum, where that restaurant was that had the wonderful Yorkshire pudding. Of the Kit Kat, and Noel Coward's plays. Of walking through Hyde Park with Phyllis—

Phyllis. He had to call Phyllis and tell her something. It had been prodding him all night, even while he slept, that which he had to tell Phyllis. He would wake up and think of it and fall asleep and wake up again and be thinking of it. He had to tell her now. There could be no delay.

"I want to get through to Newton, Mass.," he told the operator. "I want to speak to Miss Phyllis Bradley. She lives at 479 Woodrow Street. Will you hurry it?"

He held the connection. If he replaced the receiver he would have to keep walking around the room waiting for the bell to ring. It was better to hang on. What time was it? Eleven thirty. Maybe Phyllis wouldn't be home. She enjoyed getting up early and going for a walk no matter what time she got in. All right once in a while, but—

HELLO — Phyllis? Is this you, Phyllis? . . . Kent — this is Kent. . . . Fine, thanks. Listen. I've got to tell you something. I've got to say it all at once or I might not get it said. Phyllis, I've fallen in love—with a girl here, in New York. I want to marry her. This is a hell of a thing to tell you, but I don't know how else I can . . . What? What was that? I didn't quite . . ."

She did the talking then. He listened, except for an occasional: "No. No! Is that so! You did?" and similar expressions. The conversation toward the end was distinctly one-sided. Finally Kent yelled: "O. K.—O. K., Phyllis! G'by!"

His hands were shaking as he lifted the receiver again. When he gave Myra's number to the operator he tried to keep his voice steady. Then, when the maid answered, it was steady, it was almost savage.

"Get Miss Lord! I don't care whether she's asleep or not. Wake her up! I've got to talk to her—"

"She isn't asleep, Mr. Traynor," the maid said. "I don't think she's been asleep all night. Here she is. . . ."

Myra's voice was low and trembly. "Oh, Kent, I hoped you'd phone! I was wrong, Kent. It isn't over, it isn't over at all—oh, darling! . . ."

"Myra," he said, "Myra, my dear —I love you—I love you very much. Sure we were wrong. How could it be over? Myra, listen to me. I spoke to Phyllis—I told her. Myra, she went back too, the way I did—she went back and found she was in love with a fellow in Newton, a fellow she's known ever since she was a kid. They're going to be married—and you and I, Myra—you and I—"

"Hurry, Kent," she said. "Hurry! Bring me flowers, Kent. Bring me bride flowers. . . ."

THE END

"How I won my stepchild's confidence"

1. I'm John's second wife. And when I married him, I married his little girl, too. It's worked out beautifully, except . . . well . . . you know how it is in a small town. If Nancy should happen to be crying when some busybody passes by, the whole town hears about how I "mistreat that poor motherless child."

2. I love Nancy and I refuse to spoil her. So this morning, when she refused to take her laxative, I forced her to. She flew into a rage and cried, "My real mommy never made me take that nasty-tasting stuff—you don't love me!"

3. That hurt so much I burst into tears. When my sister, Laura, dropped in later, I told her how Nancy kicked up a fuss every time she had to take a laxative. Then Sis explained how her doctor solved the same problem for her.

4. "I used to force Roy to take a bad-tasting laxative," Laura said. "But, according to the doctor, that may shock a child's delicate nervous system. He said children should never get an adult laxative, but one made especially for children. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria."

5. "And it's wonderful!" Laura went on. "Fletcher's Castoria is thorough . . . yet it's always mild and safe. There isn't a single harsh drug in it. It works mostly in the lower bowel so it isn't likely to upset a child's digestion. I wouldn't dream of giving Roy anything else."

6. The minute Laura left, I went out and bought a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria. It's everything she said it was, PLUS a peacemaker. Nancy loves the taste of it, and our laxative tussles are ended. Now we're always friends.

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea . . . (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel . . . (3) In regulated dosages it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

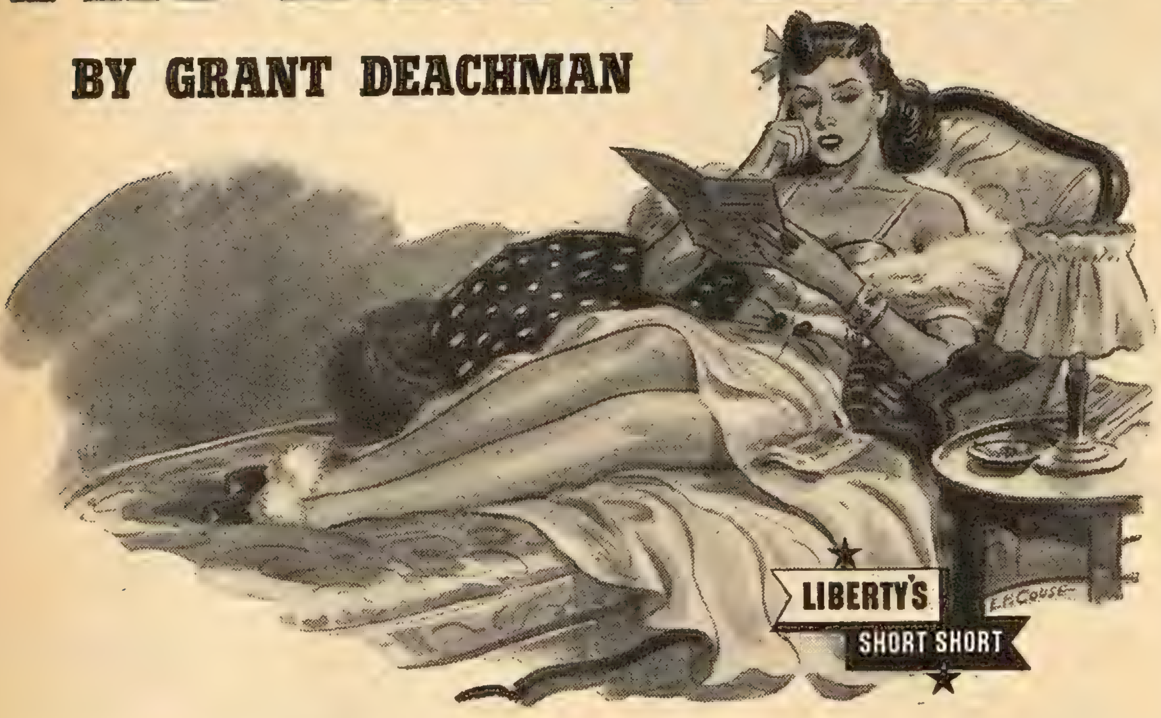
Senna is processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative for children

The Last Present

BY GRANT DEACHMAN



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN she was a child Kaye Braddock had always arranged her Christmas parcels in what seemed to be their order of importance—opening the lesser gifts first and slowly working toward the opening of the one that ostensibly held the most important present.

Now she opened her mail in the same order. It was not that her mail was more interesting than usual, but she found comfort these days in delaying pleasures in order to realize them more keenly. Had she been able to analyze her emotions, she would have discovered that she was bored. Two bills peering at her through their windowed envelopes were opened and discarded with alarm. She knew she wasn't managing as well as she had with Tim's help. The thought angered her. She glanced at an invitation to cocktails, mentally noting the hour and wondering if an evening engagement would appear to fill in the day. Two letters remained unopened—one from her lawyer and an air-mail envelope addressed in her sister's square, competent hand and bearing the stamp of the British censors. Kaye turned them over thoughtfully, placed her sister's letter on the breakfast tray, and opened the business envelope.

Her case would come before the court this week. Would she kindly drop into the office to discuss certain details?

Some of her enthusiasm over her sister's letter left her. How could lawyers deal with life so coldly—were divorces and separations to them nothing but writs and indentures? She wondered if Tim's lawyer nonchalantly summoned him to discuss "certain details."

Slowly she unfolded the flimsy air-mail paper. "My Dears," it began. Kaye had been going to tell her sister—but it's so difficult to discuss incompatibility with a sister who worships her husband and has an adorable little daughter.

"I know you will understand when I tell you I am sending Joan to you. Ralph is in barracks now and seldom gets leave. The more I stay at home alone with the child—just waiting and watching—the more intolerable it becomes. If anything were to happen to her, I am sure I would go mad. Knowing she is safe with you will be such a relief. I will be able to drive a car or do Red Cross work and forget my worries.

"Joan will love it. She's four now and really a dear. She still remembers your visit last year and even has a doll called 'Unca Tim' which she fervently adores."

Kaye scanned the page hastily—instructions about Joan's clothing and sleep and diet. "I'm not permitted to tell you when she sails or even the name of the boat. But it will be the first to arrive after you receive this letter. There is no need to worry, in any event, because she's all tagged and labeled and addressed to you—like the Christmas present you always saved till the last."

With a gasp of amazement, Kaye dropped the letter and seized the morning paper from the floor. There it was: docking at eleven o'clock—800 children—narrowly missed by torpedo. It can't be the boat, she thought. She looked at the date at the head of the letter. Two weeks old. It must have been delayed by censors or weather.

Kaye plumped down on the seat at the foot of her bed. She looked disconsolately about the room. Tim's dresser had been removed and a chaise longue put in its place, although his bed still remained. To remove it would have spoiled the scheme of the room, she argued. One night when a shutter rattling had startled her, she had sat up and called, "Tim—Tim!" anxiously, before she realized she was alone.

Tim's picture had been removed from the silver frame on her dressing table and replaced with Joan's, looking as English as marmalade in her turned-up felt hat and braids. The little girl seemed to be smiling at Kaye mischievously.

It recalled her with a start and she glanced at the little bedside clock. Ten o'clock, said the hands. One hour to make up her mind, dress, and get to the boat. She reached for the phone, and then paused while she inwardly ran over a few opening remarks. She tried a cold self-possessed tone—an imploring one—a sweet one. They rang hollowly in the auditorium of her mind.

Furiously she dialed the number. "Braddock speaking," came the voice of the business man.

"Tim, Nora is sending Joan to us. She docks at eleven. What will I do, Tim?" She was winking back tears.

There was a pause, and then his voice—halting, indecisive: "Well—didn't you tell her we—did you ask her to do it?"

"No. A letter just came this morning telling me she was on the way. It must have been delayed. Nora had to make up her mind quickly, Tim—and we've got to help. We should have taken her long ago."

"Where will you keep her?" Tim's voice asked, ignoring her lapse into the plural.

"Oh, I don't know. How can I explain it to the child? Tim, you've just got to come to the boat—that child adores you. We can't let her down—"

"We can't go running around together and get a divorce too, you know," came the rational voice.

"Tim—it's a quarter after ten. Will you stop arguing and hurry?"

"I'll be there!"

Tim replaced the phone in its cradle and turned toward the window of his skyscraper office. Out beyond the wharves and barges and sooty tugs a little girl with an identity tag on her coat and a gas mask on her shoulder was waiting for her boat to dock.

He drew a crumpled cablegram from his pocket and unfolded it:

JOAN IS ON THE WAY STOP HAVE WRITTEN KAYE AS YOU INSTRUCTED STOP PLEASE CABLE HER SAFE ARRIVAL
NORA

"Your work is all done, little girl. From now on it will just be play." He blew a kiss to her.

THE END

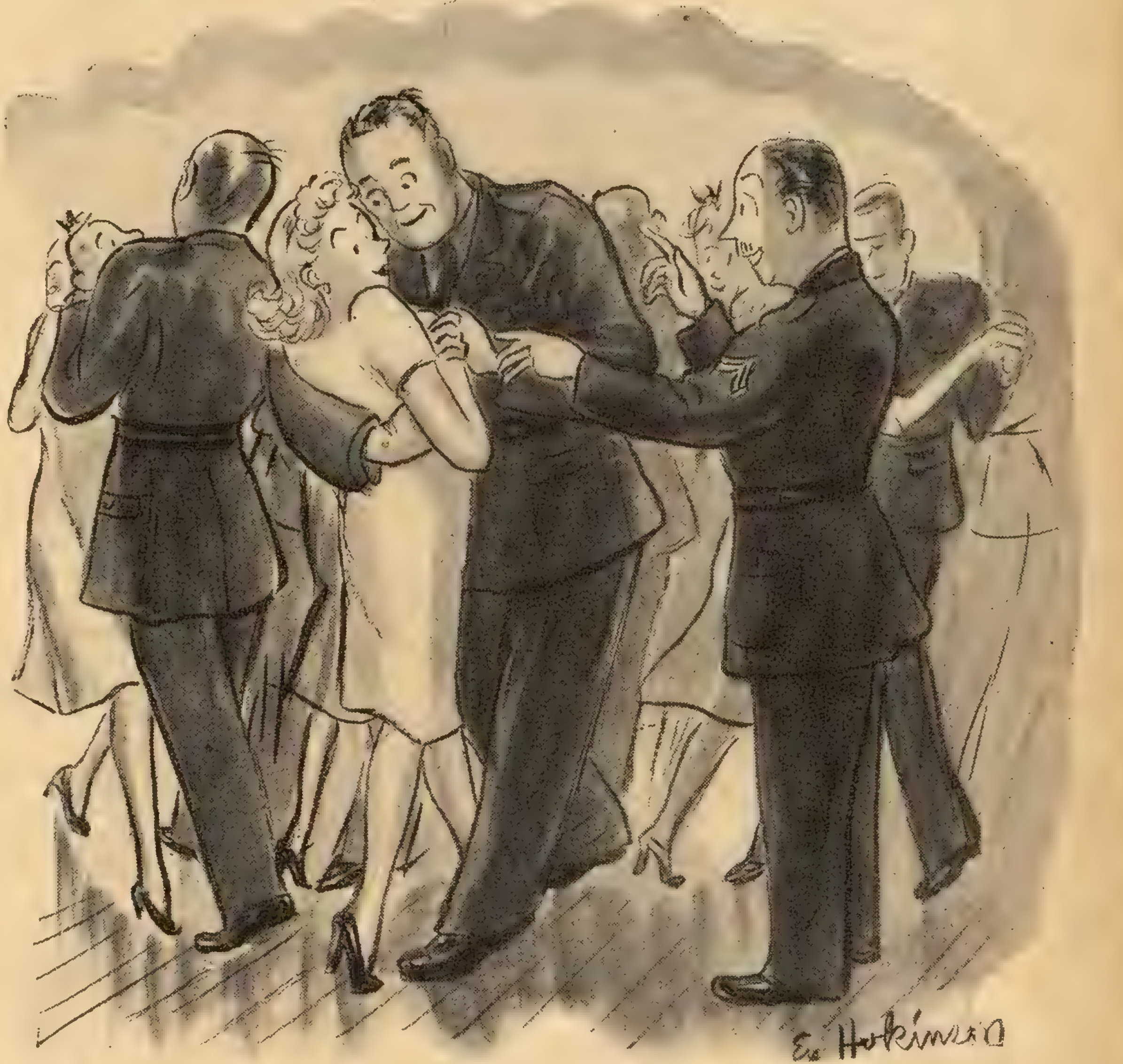
Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

This MAN'S ARMY

This department of Liberty is for the soldiers of the United States: for the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps—also for their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of individuals will be held in strict confidence, whether letters are signed with full name or initials.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 11 SECONDS



"I was doing all right with her until that bug-faced corporal horned in."

I'VE been in the Regular Army for six years. If these guys in training think they're getting it tough, I laugh out loud. I'll hand it to them, they don't squawk much. But what in hell have they got to squawk about? It's a wonder there's not an issue of hot-water bottles for all hands, bed socks for the more delicate, and tea served every afternoon. We sure ought to get a Ann Sheridan to be permanent hostess in every tent.

Sgt. M. D. S. (McClellan).

As one old sarge to another, weren't you ever a rookie? They'll toughen!

I've got a German name. My tentmates hold it against me. They don't say anything, but I can tell they think I'm a fifth columnist and every time there is an explosion in a factory they look at me funny. I'm as good an American as anybody. Sure, I've got a little German accent, but can I help that?

K. H. B., New York City (Dix).

Eddie Rickenbacker had a German name too, son. He never got self-conscious about it. He went out and showed 'em.

Maybe you can help me find Amy, the sweetest little redhead I ever met. She came out to the post with the Campbell Soup employees for the dance. I was doing all right with her until that bug-faced corporal horned in. In fact, I was just about to get her last name. Tell her I'm the guy that made the wisecrack about, "Swing used to be something I sat in, now it's something I sit out." (Original.) Ask her to drop me a line.

G. B. F., Hempstead, L. I. (Dix).

Eager to help that thing called love, the Old Sarge will do the necessary if Amy is interested enough to write him.

Go on and call me a moron, but the things I miss most are the Lone Ranger and Artie Shaw's music. Why couldn't they put a portable radio in every tent—or every other tent? I have to listen to a crackbrain bunkmate practice on the mandolin by the hour. He's lousy. And I never liked mandolins, anyhow.

C. C. P., Bronxville, N. Y. (McClellan).

Heads up now, trooper, or I'll bring you Uncle Don in person.

My dad was in the last war and he showed me a file of swell little newspapers called the Lorraine Cross which his division published. Full of good jokes and cracks about the boys and even the officers, funny pictures and poems. I'd like to start one here. Any suggestions?

M. B. F., Tarrytown, N. Y. (Dix).

Swell idea! See your E. and R. Officer and tell him all of that $2,800,000 for recreation shouldn't buy footballs and pool tables.

It would mean a great deal to me and a lot of other religious-minded fellows if there was a chapel at the post. No matter how little or simple, but with an altar where we could go and be silent and say a little prayer and get comforted when homesickness comes over you.

P. A. O'H., New York City (Dix).

Saw your chaplain. Will be provided soon.

I don't know if you saw the newspaper article about what happened to Private Harold Duchin down here.

"You're on Your Own"

Become a qualified pilot by applying now for training as a U. S. Army Flying Cadet

A man's life can have many great moments. But surely one of the greatest comes with the first solo flight when the Flying Cadet's instructor says "You're on your own"—and points aloft!

U. S. Army aviation training is the finest in the world today.

While training as a U. S. Army Flying Cadet, you will be paid $75 a month, and furnished, free of cost, uniforms, equipment, medical and dental attention, and board and lodging. When you graduate from the "West Point of the Air," you will be commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Reserve, and placed on active duty with the Regular Army Air Corps with pay and allowances ranging from $205.50 to $245.50 per month.

How to qualify? You must be sound physically, 20 to 27 years of age, unmarried. You must have completed at least two years of college work, or pass a written examination covering equivalent work. The number of Flying Cadets that can be accepted is limited. Apply at once! Visit or write.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area .... Boston, Mass.
Second Corps Area.... Governors Island, N. Y.
Third Corps Area .... Baltimore, Md.
Fourth Corps Area .... Atlanta, Ga.
Fifth Corps Area... Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio
Sixth Corps Area .... Chicago, Ill.
Seventh Corps Area............ Omaha, Nebr.
Eighth Corps Area.... Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Ninth Corps Area, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or apply to your local Junior Chamber of Commerce

Harold put on a swell amateur show, and he's an all right comedian for my money (?). So what? So he did a burlesque of F. D. R. It was all in fun and got a big laugh, even from the officers who saw the preview before we saw the regular show. But Harold made the mistake of laughing at F. D. R. just before Election Day. Nobody here thought anything of that, but some big shots in Washington did. When they heard about it, what happened to Harold? Well, it wasn't much fun for the lieut. who had to put him under arrest for ridiculing the C. in C.

I want to ask, are officers and soldiers running this man's army, or politicians? Officers approved the show before it went on. The men liked it O. K. It would all be just a pleasant memory now if some politician hadn't decided to discipline a good guy and a grand comedian.

Billy-O, Buffalo (Dix).

Heigh-ho. You'll even get used to Congressional Inspection Committees before your hitch is over. Keep your shirt on.

I am in position to inform you regarding the poor meals we had the first week or two in camp, because I, among others, was responsible for them.

I got a tip before we entrained that I should mark down under "Special Ability" that I was a cook. I was told this was an easy job with the pick of the food.

So I wrote down "Cook," though, to be frank about it, I can hardly fry an egg. In the rush, my statement was not checked on, and when I got to the kitchen I found others like me. We were all looking for a sergeant or somebody to show us what to do, and when they tried to show us we didn't know any more than before. In justice to all, I want to say that the issue of raw food was good and plentiful, but we ruined it trying to prepare it.

The fact that Headquarters got onto us so quick and found real cooks in the division is evidence enough that there is real efficiency. The mess is good now. I am QM.

A. O. W., Newark (Dix).

All gripes about the chow cheerfully received by the Old Sergeant. How is it going, mates?

I have learned on the very best authority that a big lot of cases shipped here last week and labeled "Overcoats" was in reality tropical-weight khaki uniforms for the whole division. People in town say we're just dumb not to know we are going to move to Central America and Caribbean bases in six weeks. Is that a fair shake, when they swore we'd never have to leave American soil?

L. M. M., New York City (McClellan).

Throw away your authority. I checked personally. Cases held slickers. Never believe l—— rumors.

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The Life We Hope For

As I advance in years I feel a sense of greater happiness. If I have less of the future in store for me, I have more of the past. The future troubles and disquiets, the past calms and reassures.

Most men enjoy life only by forgetting that they are living. One must think one's life to enjoy it.

Would you fix *ad aeternum* your happiest hour? First, what is that hour? Who could recover it? An hour is never happy to the very end. It is never happy save when seen foreshortened and sufficiently far away.

One could only be truly happy if it were possible to forget that no one is happy.

What manner of man would I create?

I would commence by seeking in the world of insects all the ameliorations, all the perfections, physical, physiological, chemical, dynamic, mechanical, aesthetic, magnetic, which would carry him to the height of his predecessors or of his successors on this earth. Thus he would be sheltered from most of the material misfortunes.

I should have to invent nothing: I should only have to choose, combine, adapt, seeing that it is impossible to imagine something which does not already exist.

We should only have to pick everything in the eternal present, if we knew how to go about it. One day we shall learn.

We shall have considerably aggrandized the domains of the happiness of others, of the happiness of those about us, of the happiness of those who were happy more than a thousand years ago, or will be thirty centuries hence.

It is not impossible or contrary to the laws of nature. It is what in miniature the bees and termites already do.

Then at last will begin the life we all hope for.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN Bartlett Todd, lawyer for Commodore Bruce Campbell, sails on his yawl, the White Heron, for the Barren Cays in the Bahamas to investigate a wreck which the Commodore believes is the Bluebird, on which his son, Duncan, and Duncan's wife sailed twenty years ago, he expects to meet Jeremy Jones, a writer and yachtsman, at Little Harbor on Fiddler Cay. Jeremy had discovered the wreck and Bart hopes that he will take him to it. However, when he arrives, he discovers that Jeremy and his wife have been drowned and that their daughter, Ann, who is now living with a Dr. Featherstone and his wife, has been engaged as a pilot by Charlie Campbell, the Commodore's ne'er-do-well son, who also intends to visit the wreck. He discovers, too, that Charlie has married Iris Lake, a former rumrunner and now owner of Miami night clubs, and that both are at Little Harbor on Iris' boat, the Daiquiri.

Bart, once in love with Iris but now interested in the lovely eighteen-year-old Ann, does not believe Charlie's story that he is going to the wreck because he suspects his father has ordered Bart to destroy evidence that the boat is the Bluebird in order to prevent him, Charlie, from inheriting a share of the fortune Duncan left in a Boston bank. Bart is sure something else lies behind his actions. On a hunch, he calls his law firm on the radiotelephone and asks that Iris' finances be investigated.

With Bart on the White Heron are Tommy, the Commodore's eleven-year-old grandson, Albert, a Bahaman Negro, and Killer, an ex-pugilist who is to dive at the wreck. One day when Tommy and Bart are at Little Harbor, Bart looks through Dr. Featherstone's telescope and sees that the White Heron has run aground. He has already suspected that Greenwood Gates, a young friend of Ann, has been spying on him; now he is sure that Gates has tried to wreck the Heron.

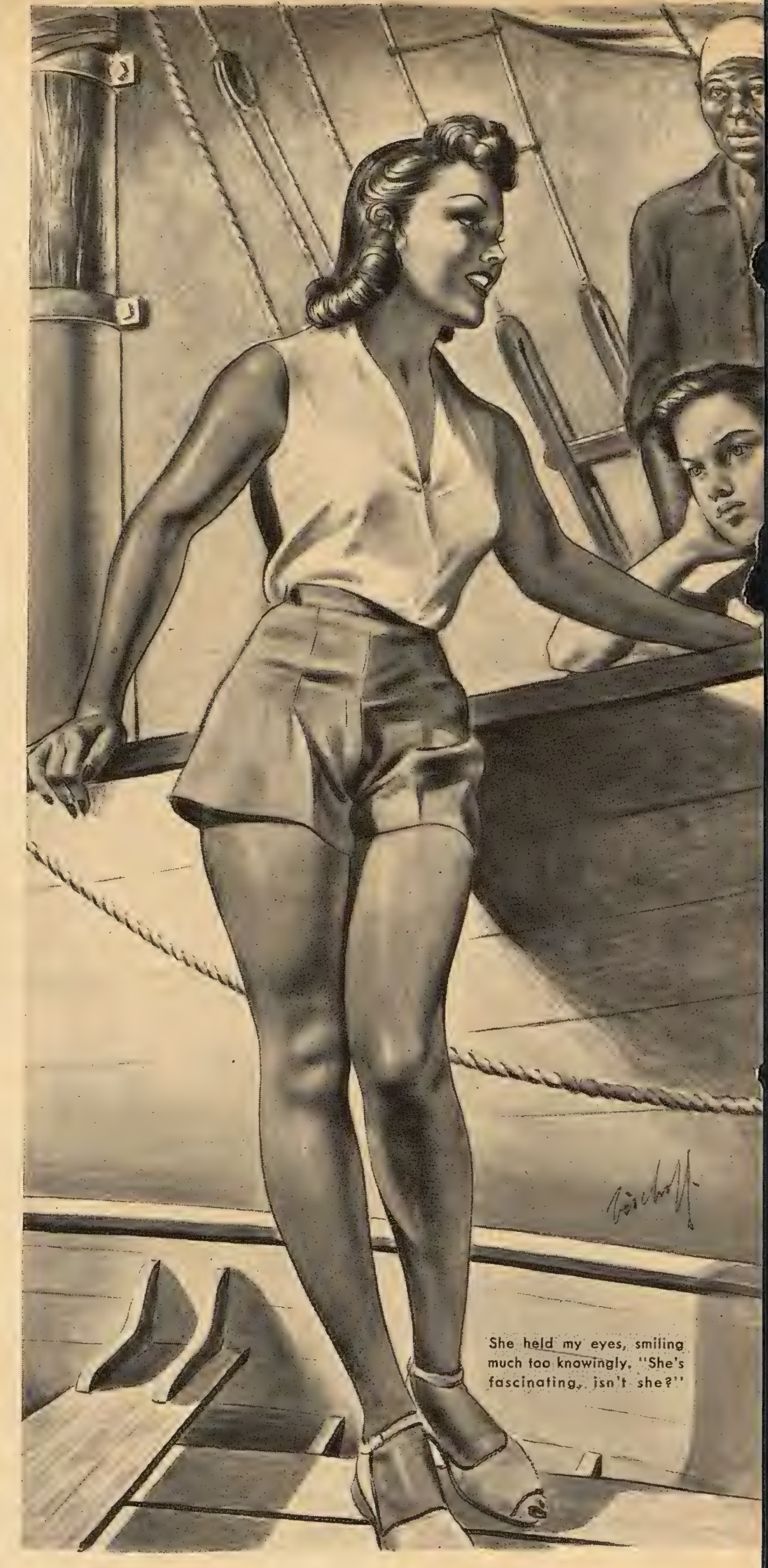
Ann takes Bart and Tommy to the grounded yawl in the doctor's boat. Although she seems anxious to help Bart save the Heron, she acts so strangely, and seems so determined that Bart shall not visit the wreck, that he cannot help but suspect she and Gates may be working together under orders from Iris and Charlie Campbell.

While they are waiting for high tide, when they hope to get the Heron off the beach, Ann gives first aid to Albert, who was hurt when the yawl went aground. She also mentions to Bart that Charlie Campbell is paying her a thousand dollars to take him to the wreck of the Bluebird.

"Bart," she asks, "what is all this about, anyway?"

PART SIX—IRIS' SECRET

TOMMY, who had come out of the cabin, heard Ann's question and demanded hotly: "If you want to know what it's all about, whyn't you ask me? It's treasure. Sunken treasure. A whole shipload of it. I could



She held my eyes, smiling much too knowingly. "She's fascinating, isn't she?"

WHITE HERON

Death WAITS FOR A LADY

By WHITMAN CHAMBERS

New thrills as a crucial moment nears in a drama of danger and women's guile

have told you that a long time ago."

Cutting the bindings on the coil of stiff yellow line, I didn't answer him; but I couldn't help thinking it would be a good joke on a lot of people if events proved Tommy had been right all the time.

The sea was moderating fast as the wind died. Ann and I put the rope in the dinghy and launched the boat. I had no trouble sculling out to the launch. Ann climbed aboard and I passed her the inside end of the coil and she made it fast to a cleat. I was about to let go my hold on the launch and let the wind carry me ashore when she reached into the bow and caught the dinghy's painter.

"You needn't rush back," she said. "There's plenty of time before high water. Can't you sit and talk with me for a while? Sometimes I get pretty bored with life at Little Harbor."

Even then I wasn't sure enough of her to know whether she was really hungry to talk to a person from outside or whether she hoped to pump me some more. If the latter, it didn't matter anyway. I had concealed nothing from her or from any one. I wished I could say the same for her, and for Charlie and Iris. She held out her hand. I took it and stepped over the rail and into the cockpit of the launch just as Tommy shouted to me:

"Hey! She moved a little, Bart. What'll we do?"

"Just sit tight," I called back. The yawl seemed to have less list than when we had left her, but she was still heeled well over. "She won't come free till she's on an even keel. Killer, keep your anchor line taut."

"She's taut, skip," the big fellow yelled back.

Ann and I sat down in the cockpit and, while the little launch bounced around on the end of its anchor line, we talked. We talked, for a while, of people and events on the mainland. And then, as I knew it would, the conversation turned back to Little Harbor and Bootjack Cay, and Ann was asking me: "Why do you insist on going?"

"That's a hard one to answer, Ann. For one thing, I came over here to do a certain job. I'm pretty stubborn, and now that I've been challenged I'm all the more determined to see it through. Why, Charlie even accused me of bringing dynamite to blow up the wreck if it happens to be the Bluebird."

"He told me about that, too."

"But I have no dynamite. If you doubt me, search the ship."

"I'll believe you," she said, smiling.

"You see, Charlie says he doesn't trust me. And Iris backs him up by insisting he has a persecution complex. But that's only a smoke screen. They have a good reason for not wanting me along."

"So to gratify your curiosity you're—"

"Ann! There's more to it than that. I tell you—"

I broke off, realizing I *couldn't* tell her. It sounds silly when you try to explain, to rationalize, a premonition of danger. It would have sounded particularly silly because I couldn't have told her who I sensed was in danger, nor from what source.

She went on with disquieting persistence: "So to gratify your curiosity you're risking your life and the lives of your crew by going into the Barren Cays."

"If I thought there was any great danger, Ann, I wouldn't go," I said. "I might even drop it if I knew positively why Charlie is so anxious to get there ahead of me."

"MAYBE he's been listening too much to Tommy," Ann suggested. "Maybe he's got the idea there really is treasure in that old hulk."

"The only treasure involved, Ann, is in a New England bank, and belonged, or still belongs, to Duncan Campbell, or to Duncan Campbell's sons if they're alive. Any other idea is preposterous."

"Jeremy didn't think so. He often said there might be treasure in that old ship."

"Then why did he let it lie all these years without investigating it?" I demanded.

"You'd have to know Jeremy better than you did to understand that." Her eyes, her amazingly deep blue eyes, were on the Heron, but I knew she wasn't seeing the Heron. She was seeing Jeremy Jones. She went on speaking, but now her voice was husky and her hands were clasped tightly in her lap. She spoke slowly, carefully, choosing each word, and I could see she was fighting hard not to show the emotion that was swelling in her breast.

"I know it sounds trite, but Jeremy sincerely believed that money is the root of all evil. He turned his back, when I was a very little girl, on a good job. He set out to find a way of life in which money was only of minor importance. He bought the schooner and he came over here to Little Harbor, and he felt that he had found that way of life."

She glanced at me, her eyes shining, to see if I understood. And when I nodded she looked away. "Jeremy wrote a good deal, but he wrote primarily because he loved to write. The money he made out of his writing was only secondary. He loved, you see, to tell people about these islands in which he and Sarah and I had found so much happiness. If he hadn't enjoyed writing, if he hadn't been able to sell what he wrote, he would have found some other way to make the little money we required. Money, you see, didn't mean much to him. Our happiness and our freedom meant everything."

"Yes," I said slowly; "I sensed all that when I talked to him last year. He had found, to a greater degree than anybody I ever knew, a way of life that meant supreme contentment. And yet—"

I broke off, and she turned and looked at me again, her misty eyes inquiring. "Yes, Bart?"

"Ann, if Jeremy was content without much money, why did he start out to investigate that wreck in the hope of salvage? What's the answer, Ann?"

Without turning her head, she reached over and took my hand and pressed it hard. "I am the answer, Bart," she said softly.

"You?"

"Yes. In the last few years he had begun to doubt. He never said so. But now, looking back, living again those last years, I know he was beginning to be afraid. Afraid that his way of life was wrong—for me. Afraid that he was being selfish in pursuing it. Afraid that in the end I would suffer. I mean, in having to live here and—and perhaps marry some one like Greenwood Gates."

"I understand."

"That's why Jeremy went back to investigate the wreck. He had, I think, been saving it. Saving it as something he could fall back on in case his way of life turned sour. I don't know, Bart, because Jeremy never talked much about it; but I *think* Jeremy believed there was a fortune waiting in that sunken hulk—a fortune for me."

There it was. The whole thing. What a toll of misery I could have saved us all if I had not been too stupid to see it.

ANN JONES turned to me with a half-smile. Her blue eyes were misted, shining, and a tear was running down each cheek. She spoke lightly, though her voice was husky with emotion.

"I've been holding your hand all this time. Silly, isn't it?"

"I don't think so."

She didn't take her hand away even then, and we sat there for a few moments in silence in the bobbing cockpit of the old Heatherbloom, watching the White Heron. The yawl was slowly coming onto an even keel as the tide rose. High water was not far off. It would be, too, the higher of the day's two flood tides. If the boat came off the beach at all, she would come off soon.

Ann turned to me at last and gave my hand a final friendly pat.

"Do you understand now, Bart, why Jeremy started back to the wreck that last time?"

"I understand, and yet I still can't see what he hoped to get out of it. If that ship is the Bluebird—"

"I don't think that's important," she interrupted. "The only thing that's important—with me—is *why* he went back. He did it for me—and look what happened!"

She seemed, despite the memories she must have had of that horrible experience, to have herself well under control, and I ventured the question: "How in the world were you ever rescued, Ann?"

"I was in the water for eighteen hours. The currents had carried me at least thirty miles from where the Spindrift went down, when a Hubbard Cay schooner happened along and picked me up."

"Greenwood Gates?"

"Yes. They were out sharking"—she laughed unsteadily—"and caught me. It was the sheerest luck."

"Why not," I asked, "call it fate?"

"All right. It does make me feel a little better to think of the whole thing as fate. Or, say, God's will. It is, I suppose, the same thing. Anyway, I want to go back to that wreck at Bootjack Cay. Don't ask me why. I can't really tell you. But it's been pulling me like a magnet all these months. It's as though some one were whispering to me all the time, 'Go back.' Do you suppose it might be Jeremy?"

"I wouldn't know, Ann. I only know that if *I* were Jeremy, and could talk to you, I'd tell you not to go. Why? Don't ask me. That's merely the way I feel. Oh, call it disappointment that you're not going with me. I like you, Ann. I've been looking forward to seeing you. And it hasn't been very pleasant to get here and find you—well, shall we say—unfriendly?"

"Me? Unfriendly?"

"But when you instigate the wrecking of my boat—"

"I certainly did nothing of the kind!"

"You said it was your fault."

"Well—"

"Could Charlie and Iris have hired Gates to cut my anchor line?"

"No. He never even talked to them. I'm certain Greenwood conceived the idea and carried it out alone. I'm equally certain that he'll cause you more trouble if he can."

"Why?"

She dropped her eyes. "I can't tell you that. Please don't ask me again."

COLOR was flowing into her neck and cheeks, and I said—unfairly, perhaps, because I still felt a certain irritation: "You seem embarrassed about something. Surely you're not worrying over that remark the doctor dropped this morning—about your marrying Gates."

"Of course not! I have no intention of marrying Gates."

"Then why are you blushing? And why do you think Gates will cause me more trouble?"

"Oh, *please!*" she pleaded.

I saw she was close to tears again and I said: "All right, Ann. We'll skip it for now. Well, I see the Heron is almost on an even keel. I'll have to be getting back aboard with the line. Do you want me to get your anchor in?"

"No, I can handle it."

I turned, knelt on the bobbing rail and pulled the dinghy up to the stern of the Heatherbloom. I had started to step into the boat when Ann exclaimed with an impetuousness that seemed almost out of character:

"Gee, Bart! You've been swell! Thanks a lot."

She looked like a little girl standing there in the cockpit, her feet spread and her legs braced against the roll of the boat.

"Why thank me? I haven't done anything."

"You've been awf'ly decent—about Greenwood and everything."

"Have I? Well, I don't feel that way, Ann. I feel baffled and sore and resentful." I was watching her, and when I saw the hurt look that came over her face I added quickly: "But that will pass, Ann. Forget it. We're going to be good friends, you and I."

"I hope so, Bart."

"I'll give you a yell when I think we're afloat."

I climbed into the dinghy and shoved off. The wind had moderated considerably but it was still strong enough to carry the boat quartering into the shore while I paid out the tow line. I stepped out in the shallow water and hauled the dinghy and line up into the lee of the White Heron. Making the boat fast, I passed the line up to Killer, who led it aft around the mizzen shrouds and belayed it to one of the stern cleats.

Walking around the yawl, I found her riding on her keel. She had lost nearly all of her list, but at the bow the green stripe of her boot-top, marking the water line, was a good eight inches out of water. And the waves, crested with yellow foam, were already lapping at the scalloped row of dry weed and kelp which marked the last high water.

I CLIMBED aboard and went aft. Tommy, Albert, and Killer were sitting glumly in the cockpit watching the Heatherbloom. Ann had her anchor in and, with her motor chugging slowly, had taken up the slack in the tow line.

"If we slide off," Killer growled, "that dame'll prob'ly drag us right onto a reef. She talks smooth all right, but I hope you ain't fallin' for her, skip."

His homely face was so long and lugubrious, he seemed so worried, that his words carried little impertinence. I shrugged, looking at Tommy, half expecting him to spring to Ann's defense. But Tommy, looking across the choppy water at the Heatherbloom, did not speak.

"Start the motor, Tommy," I ordered. "Warm it up, but don't put the clutch in until I tell you to."

Tommy sprang for the companionway and in a moment the motor was idling quietly.

"All right, Killer. We'll man the winch. Albert, take the wheel."

As we went forward the ex-pug said: "She's a smoothie, skip. I'm tellin' you. I've had a lot of experience with dames and I can spot a smoothie—"

"Save your breath, Killer. You're going to need it."

We put the capstan bar in the winch and went to work. I motioned Ann to go ahead and told Tommy to put the motor in reverse and speed it up. Groaning, the an-

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chor line came inching in over the stern. The howl of the reverse gears grew higher and louder as the engine raced. The yawl vibrated under the strain like an old Model A climbing a hill in low. But she did not budge an inch.

Working like a pair of automatons, Killer and I dragged the anchor through the hard-packed mud until it was only a dozen feet off our counter, when the line was so nearly vertical the flukes had no holding power.

"We'll have to carry it out again, Killer."

The big fellow groaned. "It won't be so easy this time, cap. The tide's in now and the water's over my head. I'm a good swimmer, but I can't swim holdin' no hundred-pound anchor."

"I'll take the dink. Get the anchor up out of the water."

I hopped over the side into my own dinghy and hauled it around to the stern of the Heron. Killer, working at the capstan like a well oiled machine, brought the anchor up and I eased it aboard.

"Cast off your line, Killer, and pay it out slowly."

It was by this time slack high water, and I knew we had to work fast.

I slid onto the thwart, got out the oars, and started to row for all I was worth. With the drag of the anchor line, with the wind against me, I made slow progress. Then I heard a hail close aboard, turned my head without losing my stroke, and saw that Ann had backed the Heatherbloom right down on top of me.

"Take this line!" she ordered crisply.

A COIL of light rope exploded in my face. I caught it, whipped in the slack. Ann threw in her clutch. She held the wheel with one hand. With the other she paid out the tow line, which she had hauled in when she backed over to me. She pulled me away from the Heron until her own line was taut.

"Nice work, Ann!" I yelled.

I tipped the anchor and it rolled overboard. Casting off Ann's line, I spun the dink on its tail and headed back to the Heron.

By the time I got back aboard, Killer had the slack out of the anchor cable. He was cranking the winch for dear life, his face drawn and grotesque with effort, the sweat running down his bare sunburned torso in streams.

"It's now or never, fellow," I said, and yelled aft, "Give her the works, Tommy!"

I caught the capstan bar and fell in with Killer's rhythmic strokes. For the space of two full breathless minutes we gave her everything. The anchor line came dripping in over the stern, the reverse gears howled, the Heatherbloom chugged away with all her feeble power. Then I felt a tremor and all at once the White Heron was gliding astern as smoothly as though she were sliding off greased ways.

Tommy and Albert cheered wildly. Killer staggered weakly back against the mast. And I ran aft yelling:

"Watch those lines don't foul! Cut your motor, Tommy! Come on, Killer! Give me a hand with the anchor!"

We got the anchor aboard. Ann cast off the tow line and we snaked that in, while Albert backed well offshore and then swung the bow northward. Ann had turned the launch in a short circle and now she brought it up on our starboard quarter, calling:

"Nice going! If you'll toss me the painter of my dink, I'll be on my way. The water is clearing up and Albert can probably bring you in. But I'll take the center of the channel—if you want to follow me."

"Thanks, Ann. We'll be right along behind you."

HALF an hour later we followed her into the bay of Little Harbor. We passed the Daiquiri close aboard. Charlie and Iris were sitting under the awning on the afterdeck, and Iris came over to the rail and waved to us, calling:

"*Albert!* How *are* you?"

Albert beamed. "Hi'm fine!" he called back. "'Ow you been, ma'am?"

"Just grand, Albert."

We went on and dropped our hook a hundred yards south of the big sleek yacht. The wind by this time had died completely. The coco palms rising here and there from the green thickets around the bay hung lifeless. The jade water of the little landlocked harbor was clear and smooth as glass. Looking straight down over the side, you couldn't see the water; it was as though the boat hung suspended some twenty feet in the air above a flat surface of glistening wet sand. To the westward great billows of cumulus were turning pink as the sun neared the horizon. The ramshackle village seemed deserted save for the three blacks working desultorily on the new boat which was already old.

Ann picked up her mooring buoy, made the Heatherbloom fast, and got in her dinghy. She headed toward the Daiquiri, and as she sculled past us I called:

"What's the weather going to do?"

"I look for light variable winds, mostly from the southeast. But this time of year you really can't tell very far ahead. You're leaving in the morning?"

"Yes."

"We'll get away, too. Maybe I'll be seeing you around the wreck. Good-by."

She sculled on out to the Daiquiri, made her boat fast, and went up the accommodation ladder. Iris met her on deck and they walked aft arm in arm. They sat down at the table on the fantail. A steward came out and bent solicitously at Ann's shoulder. Killer, who had awakened just in time to drop the anchor, licked his lips and muttered, "Make mine a Tom Collins." Then his jaw dropped and he gasped: "By damn! Your lady bootlegger's on that packet, cap!"

I said wearily, "Oh, shut up, Killer."

I WENT below, switched on the radiophone and put through a call to Larrimore, watching the afterdeck of the Daiquiri through a porthole. Just as I expected, a head poked out of the little radio room forward. Iris rose hurriedly and ran inside. I thought: All right, baby. You're asking for it. Now get a load of this.

Larrimore came on and I said: "Hello, Larry. Was I right about that merger?"

"You were dead right, Bart. The thing was hushed."

"And what was the closing quotation today on Consolidated Heels?"

"They took it off the board, Bart. The firm is bankrupt."

"I thought maybe that was the angle. How bad does it look?"

"Plenty bad, muh frand. The receivers are going over the books now, but I am reliably informed there's no hope. The president of the corporation made too many bad guesses on the market and on the horses, and I imagine the grand jury will want to look into things."

"As serious as that, huh?"

"It's plenty serious, Bart."

"What are the liabilities?"

"Rumor sayeth, but please don't quote me—maybe a hundred grand."

"Otherwise a felony rap?"

"Otherwise a felony rap," Larrimore repeated flatly.

"O. K. Thanks, Larry."

"Call in any time, pal. Only remember I'm going on *my* vacation in ten days. You'd better be back."

"If I get back at all, I'll get back within ten days. So long."

I put the receivers back on their hook and stood watching the Daiquiri through the porthole. I saw Iris come out of the radio room, walk aft to the table, pick up a glass and drain it. I thought: Iris, Iris! With your whole world crumpling around your head, you marry that heel on the thousand-to-one chance he can prove his brother is dead.

And then I thought: But no, you don't play thousand-to-one shots. You never bet unless you think you're betting on a sure thing. And how in heaven's name can you make a sure thing out of locating the Bluebird?

I turned, started toward the companionway, and became conscious that Killer was talking—saying: ". . . let him have it with both barrels, Al ol' kid. Blew his head plumb off."

"No!" Albert exclaimed.

"Yeah, that's what they say, Al. The guy was a hijacker, see? And she was ridin' on her own truck with a shotgun. That poor cracker never had a chance. She's a hard one, Al ol' kid. And I'm tellin' you, boy, I'd hate to have something that little so-'n'-so wanted."

I went up on deck. Tommy was squatting near the wheel, pop-eyed. Killer was lying on the deck and Albert was sitting on the transom, already hunched up against the coming evening coolness. Killer did not see me as he went on: "Another time, Albert, she got into a beef with a whisky wholesaler. She whipped out a knife—"

"Killer, you talk too much!" I snapped.

"Huh? Why, skipper—"

"You're just making that up for Tommy's benefit."

"Skip, I swear—"

"Shut up, will you?"

"Yes, sir, captain. I'm shut. I always try to co-operate, captain."

SUNSET was casting its purple haze over the harbor when Ann Jones walked down the Daiquiri's accommodation ladder and stepped into her dinghy. The whitewashed buildings ashore were stained with purple and even the salt-white beach in front of the village had taken on that twilight-purple tinge. The bay itself, reflecting the flaming sky, had turned a deep rose. There was not a ripple on it save the smooth wedge-shaped wavelets sent out by Ann's dinghy as she sculled it across the harbor.

Killer was sprawled on his belly asleep, but Tommy and Albert and I watched Ann in silence as she hove near. She looked over our way and smiled, without hailing us. Then, apparently changing her mind, she swung her boat sharply, sculled over, and caught hold of our rail.

"If Albert wants doctor to look at his arm," she said, "I'll take him up with me. I'm going home now."

Her back was to the sun. She had taken off her head scarf and shaken out her hair. The sun, shining through it, touched it with lights. Her eyes, in contrast, were almost black. She wore only khaki shorts and a sleeveless blouse, and in that refracted light her skin was the deep rich copper color that Indians are supposed to be but seldom are. I wouldn't have been human if I hadn't been more interested in Ann Jones than in Albert's arm.

I didn't take my eyes off her as I asked, "How about it, Albert?"

"Naw, naw, cap'n. Hi doan need see de doctor. De harm doan 'urt no more, cap'n. Look."

I gave Albert's arm a cursory glance when he held it out and flexed the fingers. I didn't even look at his face. I said, "I guess it'll be all right, Ann. If it were broken I don't believe he could use it. You're leaving in the morning?"

"Yes." She held my eyes, smiling faintly and, all things considered, much too knowingly. Then, "She's fascinating, isn't she?"

"Iris?"

"She makes me think of a lovely diamond."

"She's hard, all right."

"I didn't mean that. I mean she's so vivid, so alive. She has so much personality and polish and poise."

"You ought to see her sometime when she's mad," I said ungraciously.

She thought about that for a moment. "I can see what you mean, all right," she said finally. "She must have a hard streak to do all she's done. You know, I've been hearing about her for years. All the blacks who ever worked for her—and there are dozens of them scattered through the islands—simply worship her. She's their goddess. They'd do anything in the world for her—because she paid them so well and was so kind to them."

"It's all right, operator—Junior is learning to count up to ten."

"Albert used to work for her," I said.

"Albert? Really?"

Albert's proud nod was more nearly a bow. "Yaas, *ma'am!* Hi run lots of liquor for de li'l' lady in de good ol' days. Yaas, *ma'am!*"

"What do you think of her, Albert?" Ann asked.

The Negro thought a moment; then he vowed, "Dey doan come no finer dan de li'l' lady."

I was, I suppose, getting fed up with the "li'l' lady." That must have been why I said boorishly, "She may not be quite so fine when she comes out of the penitentiary."

Ann stared at me in amazement and Albert's jaw dropped and Tommy said, "Gee!"

I added: "She came over here, you see, to raise a hundred thousand dollars. If she doesn't raise it she'll probably go to jail. However, that isn't one of our worries. Ann, how long will it take you to get to Bootjack Cay?"

She took a moment to recover from the surprise of my bald pronouncement. "I'm planning to take three days to the trip," she said at last. "I have to go slowly to conserve our gas. That little tender we're using doesn't carry very much, you know. And speaking of gas, I hope you have plenty."

"I filled up at Nassau and we've had fair winds all the way until yesterday afternoon."

"Well, that's good. You can't buy gas here, you know—and even if you could, it wouldn't do you much good if you ran out over there." She looked at me hard and her voice was earnest. "You know, Bart, you can't count on using your sail much over among those cays. You haven't sailing room, in the first place. And in the second place, you can't depend on the wind. This time of year you may get anything from a small hurricane to a week of flat calms."

"It's too early for hurricanes," Tommy said shortly.

Ann shrugged and let go her hold on the rail. "They *have* been known in June," she replied, picking up her oar. "Well, I may see you tomorrow night. Probably at Red Bank Cay. There's a good anchorage there in a little cove on the northeast side. Good night."

The water, dark purple now, churned up foamy and pink above her oar as she sculled shoreward.

Red Bank Cay!

I HAD only cursorily checked the Hydrographic Office chart of the Barren Cay area—until last night I had counted on Jeremy Jones to pilot us there. However, if there was a Red Bank Cay near our projected course, I should have recalled it, and I had never heard of the place.

"Tommy, did you pass Red Bank Cay on your way to Bootjack?"

"I don't think so, Bart. We went from here right straight across Hurricane Bank."

"Suppose you run to the chart drawer and bring me Number 26j."

He dashed below and got it, and we spread it out in the fading purple light. There was a Red Bank Cay, all right. But it was at least fifteen miles to the northwest of the course I'd planned to take. I folded the chart and told Tommy to put it back in the drawer, thinking:

Ann Jones is trying to help me, trying to put me on the right track, trying to keep me out of trouble. Or is she? Maybe she dropped that hint deliberately to throw me off, to make sure there'd be no race before one even started. Well, Tommy's chart may show whether she aimed to help me or to hinder me. I'll check it tonight. If only I could trust it—or her!

Is Ann deliberately trying to mislead Bart? Does she know more than she pretends about Iris' and Charlie's plans? More dark suspicions arise in next week's installment, as the time draws near to start on the journey to the wreck.

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Something to live for! Know what you want to be and do! Here's how

By

PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

author of Life Begins at Forty

THE key to personality is character. The key to a great personality is a great character.

Character is skill in getting what you want without harming yourself or others out of all proportion to the good you hope to get. You have scant skill until you know what you want. Do you?

If so, I congratulate you. You'll find the task of improving your personality easier than most people do. The world swarms with muddleheads who don't know what they want. It swarms with folks who want something vague; with other folks who want one thing today and something else tomorrow; and—worst of all—with scatterbrains who want a thousand trifles but nothing of consequence.

Most people never rise above the little needs and wishes of the moment. Now they want new clothes, now a vacation, now a new radio, now tires for their car, now a grandstand seat at the World's Series, now a flirtation, now eleven dollars . . . And so their energies trickle away with the hours. They live a hundred little lives. The great life passes them by.

A great personality always has a great life. It finds something to live for around which it organizes all its forces. The urge toward this thing never fails. It gives direction and purpose to the years.

Before you go far with the task of improving your own personality, test yourself. Have you any strong urge? It is easy to answer that question. A strong urge can't be hidden for long.

Write your own history for the past year. What did you do? How did you spend your time? There were at least six hours in every twenty-four when you did whatever you pleased. You didn't have to work at a job nor sleep nor eat in those six hours. So they are witnesses at your trial. Do they speak for you or against you?

If you are not yet twenty, don't be gravely distressed if you've been doing nothing consistent and well directed. Youth must grope about, try this, test that, and slowly move toward great decisions. If you're headed toward thirty, take your findings gravely.

Let's say you had 2,200 free hours in the past year. If you spent fewer than 500 hours on some one strong interest, you may be pretty sure that you have as yet no powerful urge. If you had such, you'd surely have spent more than one hour and twenty minutes a day on it, wouldn't you?

Perhaps, though, you wavered between two interests. All right. Fair enough. Anybody has the right to hesitate here. But be clear as to the cause of your wavering. Ask yourself why you didn't concentrate on one interest. There may be an excellent reason. Know it.

Nine out of every ten people scatter their energies over a dozen or more activities during their free hours. This makes it clear why America has so few strong personali-

Indulge in deliberate daydreaming. It brings out deep hidden impulses.

ties. Most Americans are scatterbrains. They dabble at many things and master none.

How check scatterbrains? One way is to force yourself to think regularly about an urge. Once a week ask yourself what you'd be doing if you had all the time and money in the world for it. Indulge in deliberate daydreaming. It brings out deep impulses otherwise hidden.

If no single activity suggests itself, make a short list of several that seem equally alluring.

Now follow up each of these seriously. Get whatever there is in the way of books and magazines dealing with each. Jump into the mastery of each. Proceed just as if you had resolved to spend your whole life on each.

In the light of what you learn from day to day, revise your preferences. Discuss these with your friends. Look up people near by who are supposed to know something about the activities. Get them to talk. For you need guidance, most of all, at this stage.

Now tackle the task from the opposite angle. You are wasting many hours over petty pleasures. Start dropping one pleasure at a time. Use the time it formerly stole for one of your new enterprises. After a few months you may be doing only three things in all your free hours. Now you're going places! No matter whether you change your program later. At least you've learned to concentrate. That's half the battle.

Seven Steps to

PERSONAL SUCCESS

7

YOUR GREAT LIFE

HOW know you're on the right track? Well, the signs don't read alike always. But most often you'll reach a time when, of a sudden, you see a great light. Your enthusiasm leaps. You blaze with joy. That'll settle everything. See how it did for my friend Larry.

At twelve Larry started as office boy. At eighteen he became an assistant bookkeeper in the auditing department of an insurance company. There he plugged along rather despondently for six weary years.

He had no friends. He was poor. His schooling was very brief. Worst of all, he had no strong urge. He didn't know what he wanted to do or to be. For bread and butter, he stuck to his job. Then his heart went weak. Doctors warned him to take it easy. Larry laughed bitterly. Take it easy! On fourteen dollars a week!

One day a manufacturer called on the insurance company's president about a group policy to cover 600 employees. The president ordered the auditor and two experts to visit the factory near Rochester and make final recommendations. They took Larry along to do the dog work.

On the train Larry listened to the three men thresh over proposed policies. He began to see something in the business that he'd missed. After four days around the factory, Larry had to deliver some papers and ask for others at the president's office. The president mistook Larry for one of the experts and launched into a discussion of certain fine problems of group insurance.

"I can't understand what happened," says Larry. "But it was as if I'd been going around blind and then suddenly regained my sight. What the president said, I don't know. But right in the middle of a sentence the whole business of group insurance became clear to me. I'd never quite grasped it before. I began arguing. The president argued back. Finally I persuaded him that he'd been wrong on one matter. He grew more interested. Then in came the auditor—my boss. The president told him our company was lucky to have an expert like me who knew his stuff. The auditor blinked and gurgled."

But he was a white man, that auditor. He reported the strange news back home. Larry got a prompt promotion, followed by a chance to teach young salesmen the principles of group insurance. Within six months he was deep in the mathematics of actuarial problems. He'd dropped all his frivolous pastimes and had stopped loafing nights. He was on his way.

How did it happen? Well, during his years of drudgery he'd been listening to the auditor and others. He'd been absorbing the background of the insurance business. Lacking interest, he failed to put together all the little pieces. He gained no insight, hence he couldn't grow enthusiastic. The trip to Rochester suddenly forced him to make sense out of all those odds and ends of office experience. Then came the miracle.

The greatest of all human miracles is just this. Something turns nonsense into sense. We catch on. Then we catch fire.

LARRY'S case points a moral. Do not expect a visible improvement in your personality every day. Nor every week. Good soup simmers long. So must you. So be patient. Expect long delays followed by sudden leaps forward. Keep plugging away. Don't lose heart. A great urge comes like a thief in the night. Unlike the thief, it gives; it doesn't take.

It is this slow simmering inside of the brain that explains the strange rise to fame of men and women who, for perhaps forty years, have been plodding along in some routine work, giving no outward sign of rare ability. The brain is full of strange chemicals which take final form only after months and even years of slow, uneven changes.

Look closely into the lives of late blossoming people. You find they've been working for years in and around the field in which they eventually excel. But not as a carpenter who is building a house. They do not add a board here and a nail there every few minutes. They do not see the structure rise with each little effort. No. Rather do they work as a keen detective who attacks a dark mystery.

They pick up a clue, but it tells little. They scout around, asking this, seeing that, listening to whatever the breeze brings, guessing, hoping . . . Now and then they look over their findings. What do they mean? Maybe this, maybe that. Still no light. Weeks pass. Months fade. Still no light. But they keep working away, for they feel they are edging in toward the heart of the mystery. Their bloodhounds bay. Somewhere in the darkness ahead lies the quarry.

Then they see something. They do something. And click! As with Larry, all the paths converge on one spot. All the light focuses on that same spot. The mystery clears up. Now they know what they want. They know how to go about it. They have the urge. They have no more doubts or hesitations. They have an aim—something worth living for!

WHAT'S the practical lesson? Just this: Become the detective of your own great life. See in yourself a great mystery. For you are just that. Nobody knows what's in you. You know least of all, perhaps. X marks the spot where your body is found. What's in the body? Life cells a million years old. Combinations of such cells which have never before occurred in a million years and will never again occur. How will this combination of cells from thousands of ancestors work out in today's world? Nobody knows. You are X. Your future is Y. Your possibilities are Z.

You, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, must find X first, then Y, and—if you can later—Z too. But how? Use all the tricks of the great detective. Gather every clue about your body and every least part of it. Study these as you pick them up. What do you make of them? Nothing? Oh, well; on to the next clue, then. You try your body out at a hundred skills. You experiment with all sorts of work and play, just to see what happens. You keep notes and you file all clues.

You toil away for a year, with no results other than a terrible clutter of meaningless notes and clues. Once you thought you'd play the violin. Now you see you can't make a career of it. You spent months over architecture only because a friend wheedled you into it. You have no abiding interest in it. And so on. From confusion to confusion!

Don't be discouraged. Such confusion means nothing serious. It indicates only that you are halfway on your journey. You haven't found the key to your mystery, which is You. You'll find it in no book. It must come out of yourself. For it is self-realization. You find You.

How long does it take a G-man to run down a criminal? A day? A week? The question is silly. One criminal may be trapped in ten minutes. Another eludes the police for a year. Some never are caught.

Does any book show you how to catch a criminal in ten easy lessons and ten days? I fear not. Nor can a book show you how to find You in ten or any other number of lessons. You may hit your stride in a month, or in a year. You may toil for ten years and still be in the dark. So much depends upon the great life toward which you are headed. Each kind of a great life has its own complexity. Each calls for its own maturity in you.

If your highest gift is in music, in song, or in the dance, you will surely find yourself early. These are the skills of childhood, for they do not depend at all upon the maturing of the large brain. They involve a sense organ and a few nimble muscles well linked to a sense organ. This is why they can be taught so well to most children in the public schools. Neither experience nor intelligence contributes much to a good pianist, singer, or dancer. Indeed, imbeciles sometimes excel as such. For many years a Pennsylvania asylum sheltered a charming imbecile violinist. Attendants used to take him on concert tours.

What if your great life moves within the domain of politics or business administration or social welfare or personnel work or any other activity dealing with many people and their many human problems? Expect a long delay before you find yourself here. Mozart was playing the piano well at six; but no boy arises from his cradle to lead an army or to found a new political party or to reorganize General Motors. A keen ear comes soon after birth. Knowledge of people lingers—alas, too long as a rule. Nimble fingers develop after babyhood; but nimble wit in handling strangers and in working out compromises between wrangling groups develops late in life.

BETWEEN the skills of childhood and those of middle age lie all degrees of difficulty. Which will your great life undertake? You may not know until you have matured to the point of beginning the great life. You may wait one year, two years, three, four, or more years, for the Go sign. Don't think that indicates that you are slow-witted or dull. It may indicate nothing more than the high level of your life interest. You may be raising oaks, not mushrooms.

THE END

Professor Pitkin will soon have more to say about fitting yourself for greater achievement. Watch for an article in an early issue.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

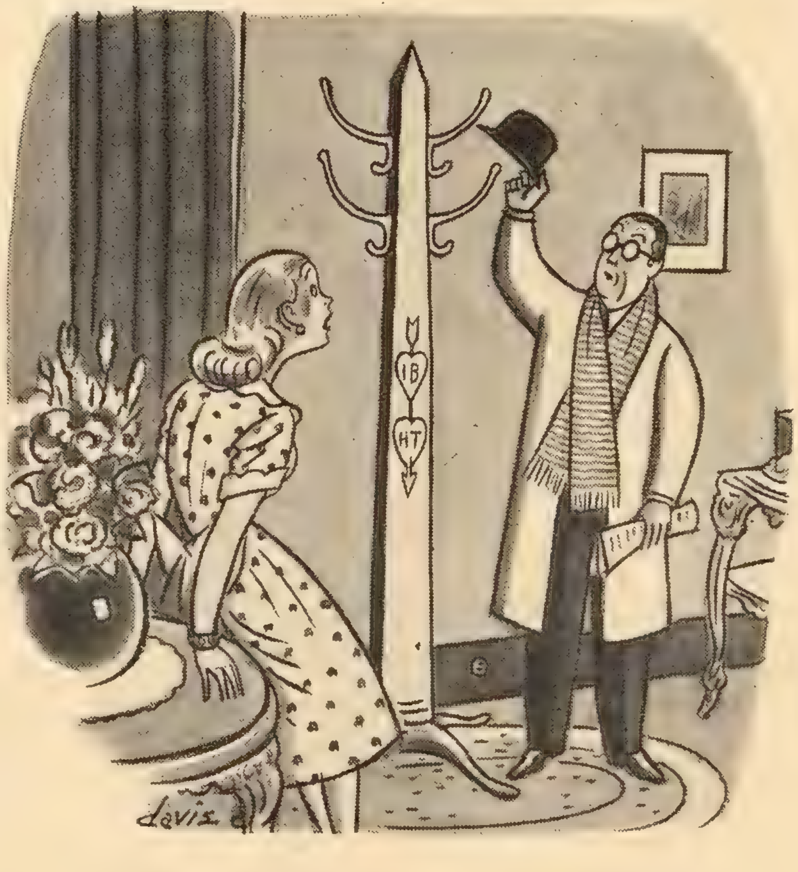
YOU don't see Louise Rousseau on the screen, and that's a pity, because she is one of the prettiest girls in the movies who isn't in pictures. She's a director. For Pathé she makes short films of Hollywood stars behaving as naturally as possible in their own homes. It is her unusual job to discover how they act when they're not acting—when they are being themselves—then to put them through their private paces in front of a camera. . . . "Their economies," Louise remarked to me, "are more interesting than their extravagances."

Lola Lane got as much satisfaction as any suburban wife would get out of turning an old harness room into a party bar at a cost of eighteen cents; and when Lola wallpapered her house herself she felt as mad as you or I would feel if we had stuck the wallpaper on wrong side front, which she did at first. . . . Warren William rigged up a vacuum leaf-remover to save the cost of having leaves raked off his lawn. . . . Bob Burns, who personally superintends his prosperous sugar-beet farm, sketched the plans for his home on the backs of laundry slips. When the slips were assembled, it appeared that every room would need a different roof. . . . An expense account for a recent filming of the Dionne quintuplets listed this item: "Three dollars donated to collection plate at local Canadian church." The studio wouldn't stand for it; indignantly crossed that three-dollar item off the account. . . . Economy *is* the word in Hollywood now!

☆ Hungrily I await the outcome of the experiment by which George Chisholm hopes to produce nonfattening potatoes. I may flirt with cake and candy, cocktails and canapés; yet my real love, like that of most women who need to watch their diet, is potatoes. I simply *adore* potatoes!

Horticulturist Chisholm isn't quite ready to market his fat-free spud, but he assures me it will look and taste the same as the best from Maine or Idaho. To eliminate fleshening starch, he grows it in gravel with seven different acids. So far, he hasn't named it. Slimato, Thinato, Sylphato? . . . Can you suggest a name for it?

☆ In view of the scorn heaped upon alimony-hunting women, it seems fair to note that the world's most impolite form of divorce is reserved for men only. A Mohammedan husband rids himself of a wife merely by telling her four times to get out. "*Talak, talak, talak, talak,*" says he, and out she goes. But she can't do the same to him.



"Ida, was Harry here last night?"

☆ Here's an excellent cold-weather dish for family or informal company. In what used to be Czechoslovakia this used to be called *Neighbors' Beef Ragout*. . . . Cut 2 pounds well pounded round steak into 2-inch squares and rub with 3 tablespoons flour. Simmer 2 cups sliced onions in 4 tablespoons butter till golden yellow, but do not brown. Lift out onions with drainer; set aside and sear beef in same butter. When meat has browned, sprinkle with 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika. Add 1 cup warm water, 1 small can evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, then the onions. Cook slowly for 1 hour. Last, fry ½ pound sliced mushrooms and put them in. Serve with potato dumplings or plain mashed potatoes.

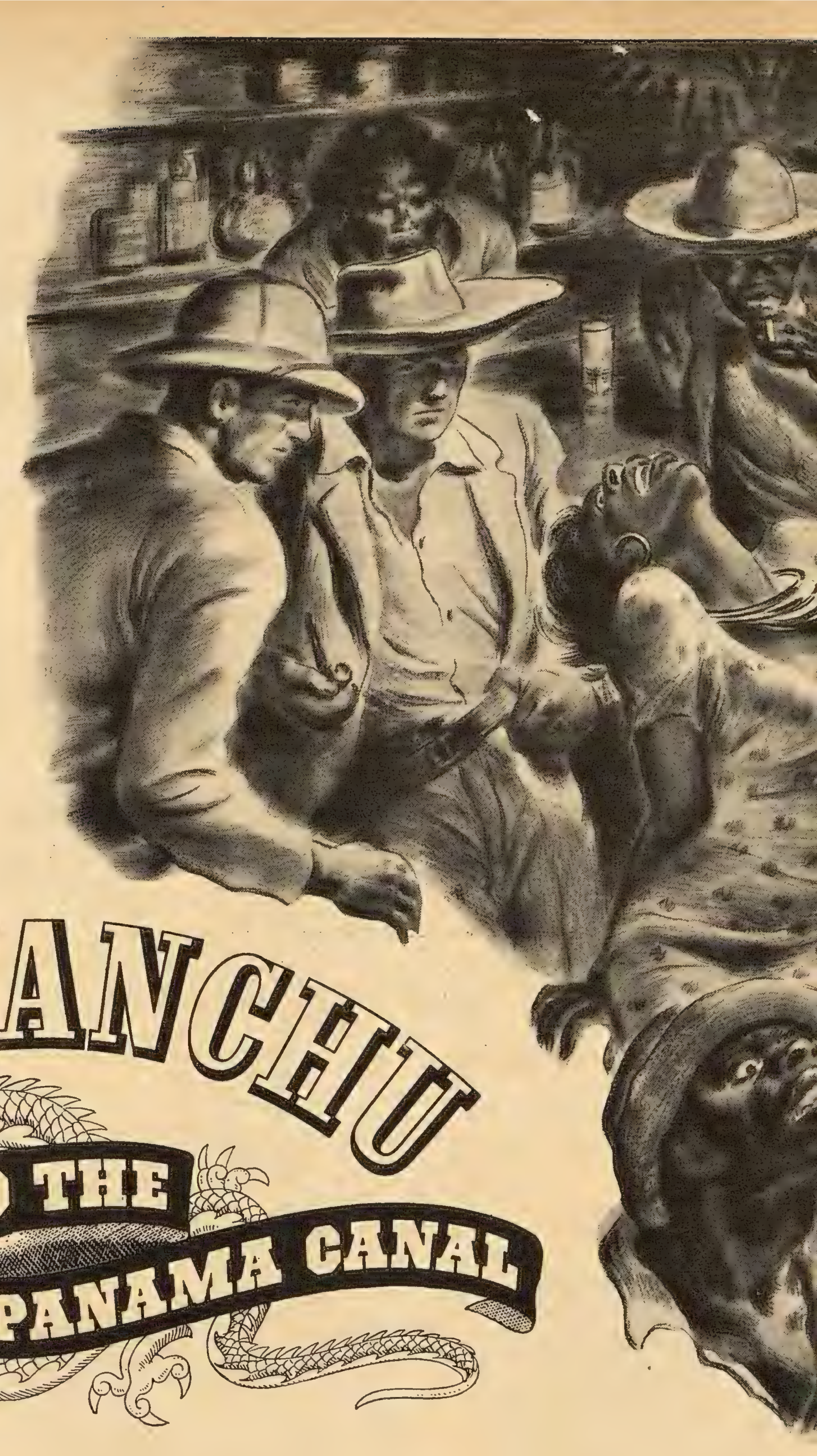
☆ Three years married, a young couple I know reached the unhappy point of saying, "We don't speak the same language." Decided they might better go their separate ways.

Then, by coincidence, each of them received a modest legacy of household goods willed by grandparents. They opened the packing cases and found that her grandmother's coffee set, from way down South, exactly matched *his* grandmother's cake plates, from the Middle West. Some of the glass and silver also were of identical patterns—selected long ago by people who obviously had tastes in common. . . . "It made us realize," the wife told me, "that we come from the same kind of folks. We *ought* to get on together. We're going to try again."

☆ It's smart now for women to be politically informed, and we're having a Presidential inauguration this month, which makes Charles Hurd's new book, The White House, very timely as well as enjoyable. (Published by Harper & Brothers.) Costs $3.50, so you may want to get it from your library.

☆ Evelyn Millicent Horton writes to say she was once put in charge of a group of calculating-machine operators, all men, at a New Jersey plant manufacturing airplane motors for the army; and that the men resented having a lady boss, so they tried to shock her off the job by swearing like pirates, but she coaxed them to count to ten instead. You may recall I mentioned the count-to-ten substitute for profanity a few weeks ago. Well, Evelyn Horton says it worked until the boys began to do their cussing *on the adding machines!* There seem to be drawbacks to all reforms.

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



FU MANCHU AND THE PANAMA CANAL

WITH a stolen map of a secret submarine base in the Caribbean in his possession, Fu Manchu flees from London to New York, it being his intention to bottle up the American navy in the second World War. Under the influence of one of his strange drugs, Ardatha, a beautiful girl, is compelled to accompany him.

Three men follow the evil Chinaman: Sir Lionel Barton, the Orientalist, from whom Fu Manchu stole the map; Nayland Smith, the sleuth-nemesis of the Mongolian wizard; and Bart Kerrigan, star reporter, who is madly in love with Ardatha. They take with them Peko, the beloved pet marmoset of Fu Manchu, hoping to exchange it for the freedom of the enslaved girl.

From New York they pursue their wily quarry to Panama. The yellow enemy has tried to terrify them with weird phenomena—the Snapping Fingers, a voodoo agency that kills vampire-wise in a few minutes, and the padding footsteps of an invisible man who can enter the most guarded places. Undeterred, the three men continue the chase. Fleetingly Kerrigan catches glimpses of Ardatha. One of her interrupted communications leads him to purchase in Panama a Peruvian chief's desiccated head, which soon addresses him with the voice of Fu Manchu!

"Take care of Peko. Find Cabot!" it says through motionless lips.

Cabot is a member of the dreaded Si Fan organization, headed by Fu, and has succeeded in kidnaping Ardatha. However, Flammario, a dancer, stabs Cabot to death, and she is retaken by her former master. Then Peko is stolen from the three relentless trackers. Just before that, Barton saw a disembodied green hand floating in the air!

The trail leads to Haiti. A priest, Father Ambrose, gives valuable information about a coming voodoo ceremony of the Full Moon, and hands Nayland Smith an amulet to use as passport. Smith and Kerrigan set out to attend the mystic rites to be conducted by Queen Mamaloi. During the long moonlit night they climb the Magic Mountain. Suddenly they see Fu Manchu riding by on a mule. Is he at last within their reach?

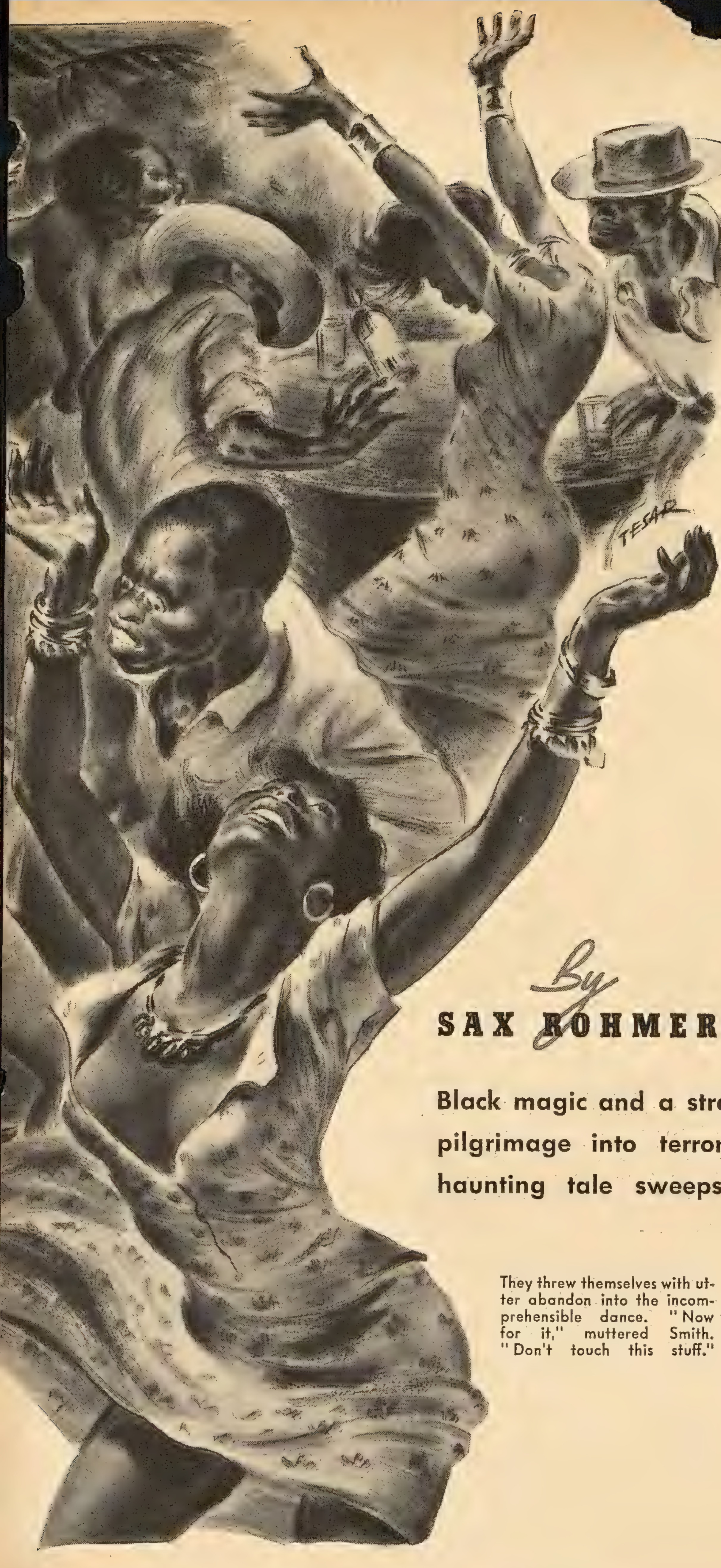
PART NINE—THE TEMPLE OF VOODOO

SMITH," I whispered, "did you see? Did you see? It was Dr. Fu Manchu!"

"I saw."

"I could have shot him!"

"That would have been a tactical blunder. But apparently he did not see *us*. There is even a possibility



By SAX ROHMER

Black magic and a strange pilgrimage into terror—A haunting tale sweeps on

They threw themselves with utter abandon into the incomprehensible dance. "Now for it," muttered Smith. "Don't touch this stuff."

that he does not know we are on this road. You noticed his retinue?"

"Six or eight thickset fellows seemed to be preceding and as many to be following him."

"His Burmese bodyguard."

"But what does this mean? That the voodoo ceremony is organized by Fu Manchu? That we are walking into a trap?"

"Somehow I don't think so, Kerrigan, although I admit I may be wrong. But the presence of Fu Manchu in person rather confirms the theory on which I am acting."

The eerie throbbing of the drums was now unbroken, a sort of evil pulse as of a secret world awakening. Figures, mostly on foot, singly and in groups passed the shadowed bay in the rocks which shielded us. Sometimes, but rarely, a mounted man or woman went by.

"Surely, Smith," I said, "we should have kept him in view?"

"That would have been too dangerous."

We resumed our journey along a path cut from the face of a sheer precipice, a path which at no point was more than ten feet wide, and at many, less. No wall or parapet was present, and the donkeys, Smith's leading, after the way of their kind, resolutely refused to hug the rugged wall and picked their ambling way along the very rim of the road.

I found it to be quite impossible to look down into that moon-patched valley below. I concentrated on the path ahead, where, emerging from shadow into silvery light, countless figures toiled onward and upward, their going marked by torch or lantern. Clearly one could trace it—a jeweled thread woven at a dizzy height into the mountainside.

Now there was a frosty nip in the air, and I was thankful for the advice of Father Ambrose, acting upon which we had wrapped ourselves warmly beneath our ancient drill jackets.

Suddenly, from that seemingly endless procession, from thousands of feet above, and from behind, where the tail of the pilgrimage straggled up from the valleys, arose a low chanting. It seemed to mingle with the throb of the drums, to be part of the black magic to which this night was consecrated.

"Do you hear it?" came Smith's voice.

"Yes—it's horrible."

"It is known, I believe, as the Song of Damballa. Of course it is purely African in character."

And now from far in the rear came a new sound.

There were cries, greetings; above the Song of Damballa, the throbbing of drums, I detected the clatter of horse's hoofs.

"This may be difficult," said Smith, speaking over his shoulder. "Some senior official is apparently approaching—and it is just possible—"

“May God help us!” I groaned.

“We can probably manage,” Smith replied, “assuming that he is Haitian—although I confess I should prefer to have my back to the wall. You have no Chinese or Hindustani?”

“Not a word.”

“Arabic, then. This has a powerful effect on these descendants of West Africans. It has come down to them as the language of their oppressors.”

“Yes — I have a smattering of Arab.”

“Good. If any one addresses you, reply in Arabic. Say anything you can remember—don't stop to consider the meaning.”

Now the outcry grew nearer. The horseman was forcing his way up the mountain path, passing the slow-moving pilgrims to the shrine of voodoo. I looked back. We had just negotiated a dizzy bend and I could see nothing of the approaching rider.

HAVE your gun ready,” said Smith, and brought his donkey to a halt.

I did the same, although the iron-jawed little beast was strongly disinclined to pull up. The horseman was now not fifty yards behind.

“If he is looking for us,” said Smith, “and we are recognized, don't hesitate.”

Looking back, I could make out dimly that the pilgrims between ourselves and the perilous bend had halted their march and were standing back against the rocky wall to give passage to the horseman. A moment later he rounded the corner, riding a lean bay mare and obviously indifferent to the chasm which yawned beneath him. As he passed each of the standing figures he bent in his saddle and seemed to scrutinize features. A moment later he had reached us.

He partly reined up and bent, looking into my face. I sat in shadow, the moon behind me, but its light shone directly upon the features of the mounted man.

He was that fierce-eyed mulatto whom we had passed on our way to the house of Father Ambrose, who had stared so hard into the car!

He shouted something in a strange patois, and, remembering Smith's injunction:

“*Imshi! Rûah! Bundukîyah!*” I replied sharply.

The mulatto seemed to hesitate; then, as the prancing bay almost lashed the flanks of my donkey:

“*Yâlla! Yâlla!*” cried Smith.

The mulatto spurred ahead.

“Move,” said Smith, “or others will overtake us!”

And once again we proceeded on our way. . . .

We presently came to a welcome break or bay in that perilous mountain road, and here I saw that numbers of the marching multitude had halted for a rest. An awesome prospect was spread at our feet. We were so high, the moon was so bright and shadows so dense, that I seemed to be looking down upon a relief map illuminated by searchlights. Eastward, at a great distance, shone a lake resembling a mirror, for in it were the inverted images of mountains which I assumed must lie beyond the Dominican border. As I reined up and gazed at this breath-taking prospect, a hand was laid upon my saddle. Swiftly I glanced down at a man who stood there.

He was a pure Negro, and when he spoke he spoke in halting English.

“You come from Petionville——yes?” he asked.

“*Kattar khêrak,*” I replied, and extended my hand in a Fascist salute.

Smith edged up beside me.

“*El-hamdu li'llah!*” he muttered and repeated my gesture.

The Negro touched his forehead, stepped aside, and was swallowed in shadow.

“So far,” said Smith, speaking cautiously, “we are doing well, but it is fairly obvious that when we have mounted another two or three thousand feet, we shall arrive at the real gateway to the holy of holies. There we must rely upon our amulets. Above all, Kerrigan, never speak a word of English, and pray that we meet no one who speaks a word of Arabic!”

He was looking about him at dimly perceptible groups who had paused there to rest. Of the mounted mulatto there was no trace, nor—and of this above all things I was fearful—of Dr. Fu Manchu. Many of the pedestrians were refreshing themselves, seated upon the ground. Newcomers arrived continuously. Chanting had stopped, but from near and far came the throbbing of the drums.

“A drink is perhaps indicated,” said Smith; “and then for the next stage.”

As we extracted flasks from our pockets, I was watching that silver-and-ebony ribbon speckled with moving figures which led higher and higher toward the crest of the Magic Mountain. What awaited us there? Should I learn anything about Ardatha? What was the meaning of this monstrous congregation patiently toiling up the slope of Morne la Selle?

THIS,” said Smith, “I assume to be the voodoo customhouse. Here we shall be called upon to produce our passports.”

We were up, I suppose, between seven and eight thousand feet. We had traversed some of the most perilous mountain paths I had ever met with, but I had learned that the little donkeys, provided one did not attempt to interfere with them, particularly with their fondness for walking upon the extreme outer edge of the precipice, were sure-footed as goats.

For the past two or three miles the road had led through a pass or gorge to which no moonlight penetrated. A mountain stream raged and splashed at the bottom and the path lay some little way above it. Darkness at first seemed impenetrable; but the procession wound on without interruption and our plodding steeds proceeded with unabated confidence. And so presently through that velvety darkness dotted with moving torches I, too, had begun to discern the details of the route.

Now it opened with dramatic suddenness upon what seemed to be an almost circular valley, hemmed in all around by mountain crests. Its slopes were densely wooded, but immediately facing the gorge there was a clearing, flat as a sports stadium and fully half a mile across. Torches moved among the trees; there were drums very near to us now, and I saw hundreds of figures gathered before a long, low building which blazed with lights. Away on the right there was a sort of compound where horses, mules, and donkeys were tethered. Toward these horse lines Smith led the way.

“Stick to Arabic,” he snapped.

The place was staked out with lanterns, and proved to be in certain respects an up-to-date parking ground. Furthermore, the man in charge, despite the religious character of the ceremony, was something of a profiteer—a burly Haitian wearing a check suit which was too small for him and a stock in which there was an enormous pearl pin.

“A dollar for the two.”

“*Imshi, hâmmâr!*” snarled Smith, and taking fifty cents from his pocket handed it to the man.

“Not enough! Not enough!” he exclaimed.

“*Etla bârra! Gehânnum!*” I growled and gave the Fascist salute.

AS before, this singular behavior proved effective. He looked from face to face, pocketed the money, glanced at the donkeys, and walked away.

“So far so good,” muttered Smith. “Now let us take our bearings and make our plans. Here, you observe, is a perfect landing ground.”

We walked slowly toward the veranda of the lighted house on the farther side of the clearing; and it soon became apparent that the place was a sort of resthouse or caravansary. All around in the extensive space before it pilgrims were squatting on the ground, devouring refreshments which they had brought with them. But, as I saw, the more prosperous were entering the building. Many already were seated upon the veranda, and I could see movement in a room beyond.

The front of the house was masked in shadow, and Smith took hold of my arm as we stepped into the dark belt.

“You see what this is, Kerrigan: a separation of the sheep from the goats. Judging from the sound of the drums, our real objective is beyond.”

I stood there listening.

In some manner which I find myself unable to explain, this continuous throbbing of drums had wrought a sort of change of the spirit. Unperceived by my Christian self, I had been reverting to savagery!

"Yes"—I spoke with studied calmness—"as you say, here is the gateway. The Queen Mamaloi is somewhere beyond."

"Here is the gateway," Smith replied, "and here is our test. Remember, stick to Arabic."

Whereupon, still grasping my arm, he moved forward to the veranda of the lighted building.

As we mounted three wooden steps, I was thinking of Ardatha . . .

CROSSING the veranda, we found ourselves in a long, low room which in many respects resembled a canteen. One glance convinced me, in spite of the light complexions of some of those present, that Smith and I were the only people there of non-African blood. There were chairs and tables spread about the unpolished floor and I think nearly as many women as men were present.

Their behavior was so strange that I wondered what they had been drinking—for at one end of the room there was a counter presided over by two colored women. I saw that in addition to a quantity of solid fare, most of it unfamiliar and from my point of view unappetizing, bottles of rum, gin, and whisky were in evidence. In some of the faces a sort of ecstasy began to dawn; and, watching, I realized the fact that they were responding to the drums.

Movements of shoulders and arms, shuffling of feet, and already a muted chanting, told me that at any moment all the great colored throng might obey that deep tribal impulse which is part of Africa, and throw themselves wildly into the abandon of a ritual dance.

"Hang on to yourself, Kerrigan," said Smith in a low voice; "we are near to the master drums. They have a queer effect—even upon Europeans."

"Why do you say that?"

"I have been watching your eyes." He lighted his pipe, his penetrating glance fixed upon me over the bowl. "It's a kind of hypnotism, but you mustn't let it get you."

His words acted like a cold douche. Yes, it was a fact. In common with the Negroes and Negresses about the place, I had been reacting to those satanic drums! I knew it now, and, knowing, comforted myself with the thought that the insidious influence could not prevail upon me again. But I was to learn.

"Thanks, Smith," I said; "I agree. It *was* getting me."

"I am particularly interested," he went on, "in the fact that there seems to be no one in the room whom we know. But the traffic at the bar has curious features."

"What are they?"

"Well, if you watch, you will be able to check my own impressions. You will observe, I think, that certain customers go there, give an order, and then almost immediately head for that door on the left and go out. The others either remain at the bar, or carry their purchases back to their table. Just watch this pair, for example."

A man and a woman coming in from the veranda outside crossed straight to the counter. The girl was a full-blooded Negress and physically a beautiful creature; her male companion was light brown, his complexion pitted like that of a smallpox patient, his small yellow eyes darting from right to left suspiciously as he crossed the room. But, failing other evidence, his hair, for he wore no hat, must have betrayed his African origin.

"Watch," said Smith.

I watched.

The pair walked to the counter; the man gave an order to one of the women. Glasses were filled and set before them. But, as payment was made, I detected a change of attitude on the part of the server. She glanced swiftly at the girl and then at her companion. In a businesslike way which momentarily made me think that we had intruded upon some harmless feast-day

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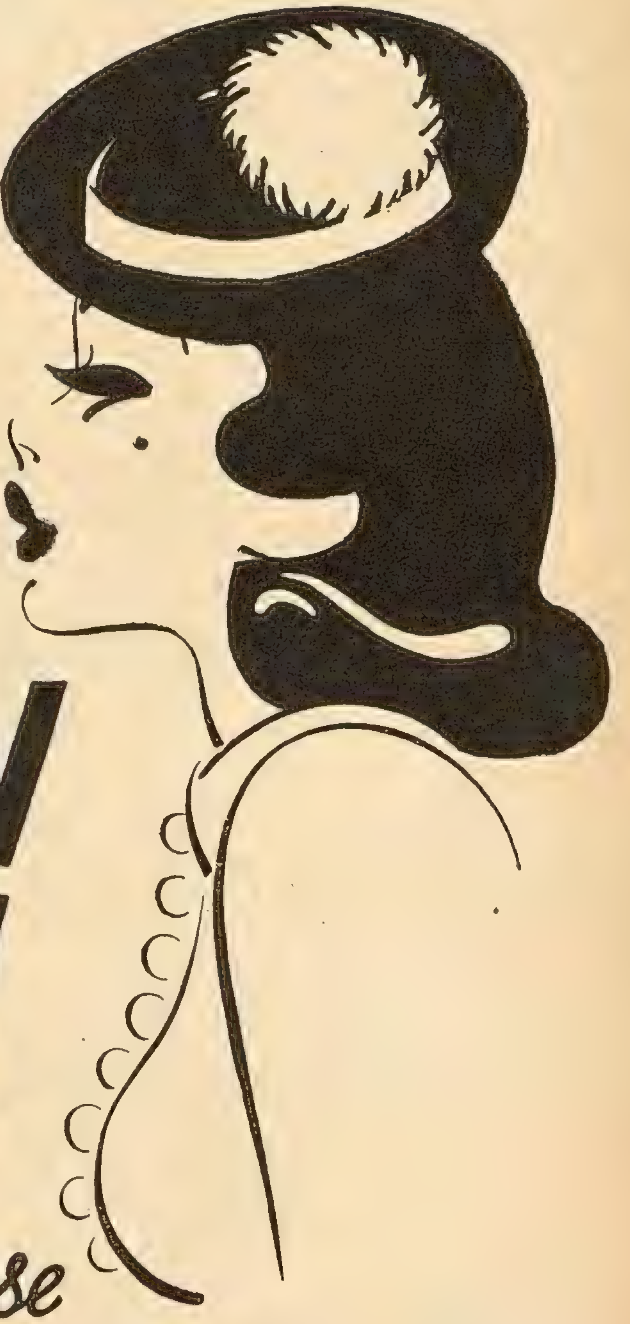
2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. We return no drawings.

4. Print your name, address (town, county, state), age, occupation on back of drawing.

5. All drawings must be received by January 31st, 1941. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.



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frolic, she handed change to the man.

"Now," whispered Smith, "watch closely."

The drinks—I was unable to judge of their character—were quickly dispatched; the man squeezed the girl's hand and lolled upon the counter. The girl walked quickly along to the left, and I saw the second attendant open a door and close it again as the Negress made her departure.

"Exactly what does that mean?" I murmured.

"It means," said Smith, "that, still speaking Arabic, we go to the counter and order drinks. Do nothing further until I give the word, and leave the talking to me."

We crossed to the bar.

There was something hellish, something of a Witch's Sabbath, in the behavior of those around us.

One of the women attendants, who had been chatting in quite a natural way with the pock-marked man, broke off her conversation and approached us. She had feverishly bright eyes.

"*Giblî el . . . ismu êh,*" said Smith imperiously, indicating a certain bottle of whisky.

The woman spoke rapidly in Haitian, then in English:

"You want some whisky?"

"*Aîwa, aîwa!*"

The woman poured out two liberal portions and set before us a bottle of some kind of mineral water. Smith put down a dollar bill and she gave him change. At first she had seemed somewhat suspicious, and the pock-marked man had looked at us with jaundiced eyes; now, however, she seemed to have accepted us. Some one else came up to the bar and her attention was diverted. The newcomer was a full-blooded Negro and a magnificent specimen. He nodded casually to the pock-marked man, who returned the salutation and then turned his back upon him. Smith touched my arm.

I watched intently. The newcomer ordered a packet of cigarettes; they were placed before him and he set several coins on the counter. Smith bent to my ear.

"Look!" he breathed.

Held in the Negro's palm as he had opened it to drop the coins, I had a momentary glimpse of a green object. . . . It was the coiled snake of Damballa!

The signal exchanged between the woman who had served him and the other at the farther end of the counter must have been imperceptible to one not anticipating it. The Negro walked along, nodded to the second woman, the door was opened, and he went out.

"That's our way!" murmured Smith.

An evil spiritual excitement, a force that could be physically felt, was throbbing about the room. Out in front of the veranda drums began to beat softly, and starting as a whisper but ever increasing in volume came that hymn of Satan, the Song of Damballa:

Damballa goubamba
Kinga do ké la.

As I looked, men and women, singly and in pairs, sprang up and began to dance. They appeared to be entirely oblivious of their surroundings; to be, in the evil sense, possessed; one after another they threw themselves with utter abandon into the rhythmical but incomprehensible dance.

HA! HA!
HA! HO!
HA! HA!
WHOA! HO! HO!

"The only way I can figure it out—they must *look* awfully funny when they tell their jokes!"

"Now for it," muttered Smith. "Don't touch this stuff!"

Surreptitiously he emptied his glass onto the floor. I followed suit.

"When I call the woman, show her the green snake. Leave the rest to me." He turned in her direction. "*Ta 'alla hîna!*" he rapped.

She started, stared for a moment, and then drew near.

Opening my palm, I exhibited the green serpent.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, and seemed taken aback.

Smith held the seven-pointed star before her eyes.

"*Ahu hîna Damballa!*" he muttered, and concealed the jewel.

For a moment extraordinarily penetrating eyes had surveyed us, but at sight of the star the woman pressed her hands to her breast and bowed her head. Smith confidently strode toward the left and I followed him. The other woman opened the door and stood in that same attitude of subjection as we walked out—to find ourselves in a lean-to porch, almost right up to which the mountain forest grew.

From here it seemed that pines climbed unbroken to the mountain ridge, and at first it was so dark that I found it bewildering. But as we stood there, taking our bearings, I presently noticed in what little moonlight filtered through from above that a track, a mere bridle path, led from the door onward and upward among the pines.

No living thing was in sight. But drums were beating deep in the forest.

"Clearly this is our way," said Smith in a low voice. "I am evidently a person of some consequence, as Father Ambrose assured us, and one presumes that initiates are supposed to know the path. Come on."

We set out. The track climbed up and up through the trees, and although I was keeping a tight hold upon myself, one obsession there was which I could not conquer. It seemed to be fostered by drums. It was not fear of those who worshiped the serpent, bloodthirsty though their rites might be—indeed, according to some accounts, cannibalistic—nor tremors that we had been betrayed. It was a fear which constantly made me mistake some odd-shaped bush, some low-growing branch for the gaunt figure of Dr. Fu Manchu. Amid all the other horrors of the night, I found it impossible to forget the fact that the great and sinister Chinese doctor was somewhere near.

The going was very heavy; we had been steadily climbing for close upon an hour, and my condition was not too good. Suddenly Smith pulled up.

"Do you know, Kerrigan," he said, breathing rapidly, "except for the fact that we are nearing the place at which those drums are beating, I should have begun to doubt if we had taken the right route."

"Why?"

"Unless the pace of every one using the path is more or less attuned to ours, how is it that we have overtaken no one, and that no one has overtaken *us?*"

"I am inclined to believe," I replied, "that all, or nearly all, the chosen few preceded us. In other words, we are late—"

"Ssh!" he checked me. "Do you hear it?"

And during a momentary diminuendo in the passionate throbbing of the drums, I heard it: A faint but unmistakable disturbance of the pine needles which formed a carpet upon most of the path below: Some one followed in our footsteps.

"Just time to take cover," snapped Smith, "if we are quick!"

He scrambled up a slope and dived into its sheltering darkness. His voice reached me in a whisper:

“Up here, Kerrigan! There's a perfect view of the path and we can't be seen. Also, it may be dangerous to go farther. There may be unsuspected chasms.”

I groped my way until he seized my hand.

“I am glad we are not alone on the path,” I said in a low voice. “Evidently it is the right one, after all.”

“Quiet!” said Smith. “Some one is very near.”

Who was approaching?

As to whom I expected, it would be difficult to speculate. But what I saw was this: The tall Negro who had preceded us from the resthouse and the Negress who had come earlier and separated from her pock-marked companion.

Clearly the girl had waited for the man and we must have passed them at some point on the route. In response to that hereditary instinct which the drums stir up in the African heart, they had reverted to nature. The man's arm was around the girl's waist, her head rested upon his breast, as with a uniform step in time with the drums they paced upward through the pines. She had woven a chaplet of flowers into her hair.

The ancient gods had called them.

THE rustling of the pine cones died away. I could hear no sound of other approaching footsteps, and the throb of the drums seemed to have increased again in volume.

“You see,” said Smith in a low voice, “there is power in voodoo. A great primitive force, Kerrigan, a force we must now assume to be directed by Dr. Fu Manchu.”

“Presumably women are admitted to the higher mysteries.”

“Certainly,” Smith replied. “This I knew. Remember it is the Queen Mamaloi they go to meet, and I strongly suspect—”

He paused.

“What?”

“That there will be some further comb-out before we are admitted to the holy of holies.”

“Since we are ignorant of the routine,” I said, “this comb-out may mean our finish.”

“I have been considering the point, Kerrigan.” He stood up and walked down the path. “I have been considering it since the moment that we started. I think if we follow the black lovers, who will be unlikely to pay any attention to us, and observe what occurs, it may be to our advantage.”

We passed the crest and looked down into a tiny sheltered valley. Mountain trees fringed it in thinly, and set amid those on the opposite slope I saw a one-story building surrounded by a high stockade. Lanterns and torches competed with the moonlight pouring down upon the stockade, and in silhouette, an ebony god and goddess of voodoo, the pair ahead of us stood for a moment on the lip of the declivity outlined against a tropical sky. They began to descend.

"Hurry Up Now! Pa's Waiting!"

THE kitchen stove used to feel pretty good on a winter's Saturday night when the thermometer was down around zero. So did the heated flatiron in the foot of the bed. But how many of us would trade the comfort and privacy of our modern, heated bathrooms for the cramped discomfort of the wooden tub and the sting of the home-made soap? And who wants to lug out the water afterward and mop up the kitchen floor?

There are a lot more of today's home conveniences that we wouldn't trade for their counterparts of the "good old days." The electric washer, for instance, for the scrubbing board; the electric light for the messy coal-oil lamp; the furnace for the parlor base-burner.

Most of us are incomparably richer than the people of a generation ago—not so much in money, perhaps, but in the things our money will buy. And in most cases these are the products of American industry—manufactured articles that have been developed by industry, improved, made less and less expensive so that more millions of people can afford them.

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Together, Smith and I watched the receding figures until they were lost among the scattered trees which grew upon the lower slopes.

"We must not lose sight of them," he said rapidly.

"Have you any idea, Smith," I asked, "how we are going to get back?"

"Whatever the purpose of this meeting may be, and whether we escape or are discovered, I have arranged, Kerrigan, as you know, that in roughly one hour from now, three planes suitably armed will land on the plateau from which we have come. I am convinced that no opposition will be met with. Barton will lead them here. In other words"—he glanced at the illuminated dial of his wrist watch—"if we can survive long enough we shall not be unsupported."

We began very slowly to descend in turn.

It seemed to me that under the moon there was nothing in the world but drums.

Although we approached the clearing, there were dark patches in the path; and once, as I stumbled, Smith caught my arm.

"The drums," he said; "it's a kind of dope, you know."

"I know," I groaned.

"Try to deafen your ears to it; I mean, concentrate on the idea. Cover up, Kerrigan. I know it is making you stupid. Our real fight is ahead."

His cold incisive words acted as they had done so often before, as a swift stimulus. Yes, it was the drums. They filled the night with their throbbing, and in some way that throbbing had got into my brain. I adopted a violent method of repelling this insidious intrusion.

I thought hard of Dr. Fu Manchu.

Smith, I am sure, understood the internal struggle which was going on, for he walked beside me in silence, until:

"Look!" he rapped suddenly. "There is the second gate—the second test. Can we pass it?"

I looked down; we were quite near to the level space before the stockade which, at closer view, clearly surrounded a temple of sorts. The path which we were following had become a ravine.

Twenty or thirty paces brought us around a sudden bend and into full view of the stockade. A huddled group of perhaps a dozen pilgrims was gathered before a great gateway. A murmur of voices became audible above the throbbing of the drums.

Even in the bluish shadow of the gully, I could see Smith looking about him, and then:

"There is no other way," he muttered; "it's on or back."

Could we ever get back?

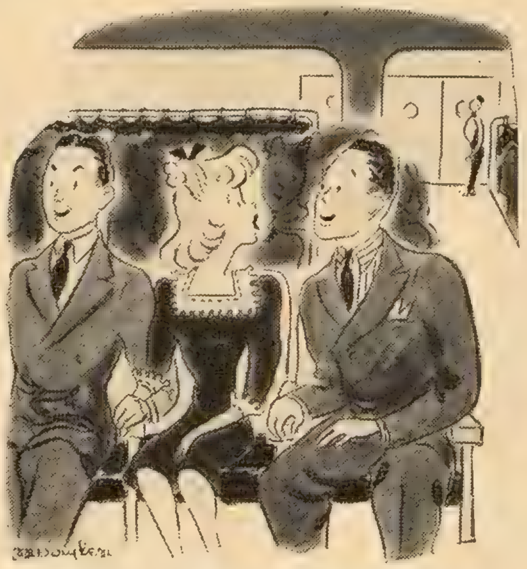
The group ahead before the gateway was explained by the presence of a pine log thrown like a barrier across the opening. Right and left of it, backed by seminaked Negroes holding torches aloft, were two men. One, he on the right, was a pure and obese Negro who continued to wear the uniform of Western slavery; the other, on the left, was the fierce-eyed mulatto who had stared into the car as we had driven to the house of Father Ambrose, who had passed us on the mountain path!

Smith recognized him as swiftly as I.

"It is known that we are here," he muttered. "That mulatto is posted to intercept us. But, even if he sees us, there is still hope."

"What hope?"

"He is certainly not familiar with our appearance, for he was deceived on the road; he *cannot* know that we carry the seven-pointed star. Glance over the gang now undergoing inspection. The gateway is in shadow, but you can see them in the torchlight. Some of them look whiter than you or I. They are from over the border. This thing goes very deep."



"Mind if I hold your other hand—
I couldn't get a date tonight."

"Let us join the group waiting to be passed by the fat Negro."

"I disagree," said Smith; "if ever I saw a eunuch, he is one. Think of our Arabic! No, I prefer the mulatto."

"But, Smith, it's madness!"

"In an emergency, Kerrigan, madness is sometimes sanity."

I resigned myself. We entered the gateway and moved to the left of the barrier. Glancing back, I saw that a few stragglers, all Haitians, were coming down the slope. As we approached the mulatto, I saw directly in front of us the black lovers. Six or seven others preceded them. Smith bent to my ear and whispered:

"Thank heavens we do not have to strip!"

But I had seen, and the sight had afforded me a momentary relief. Two figures at least, at right and left, were those of men dressed much as we were dressed. Others were there who had thrown off the yoke and gleamed black beneath the moon. But we were not alone.

"Watch closely," Smith whispered. "All turns on the man not identifying us. Next, stick to Arabic. Finally, if challenged, shoot him."

I watched those who had been

allowed to pass the barrier. They had all exhibited some token which they held in their hands. An interrogatory seemed to follow; then, making an odd gesture to the forehead, they were allowed to pass.

"Note that salute," muttered Smith.

When the Negro and Negress approached the mulatto, we were close behind them.

He concentrated his fierce gaze upon them, ignoring us. The man opened his hand; the girl touched an amulet which hung upon her breast. The mulatto spoke rapidly in the strange patois which I had been unable to learn, but Smith was listening intently. He pressed his lips almost against my ear.

"Stick to Arabic," he reiterated.

And as the Negro and Negress went through, we followed.

Those fierce eyes were fixed upon me. My heart sank. Silently I held out the serpent amulet. The mulatto glanced at it; then his evil gaze returned to my face, and suddenly he addressed me in English!

"What is your name and number?" he demanded. "From what place do you come?"

Thrown temporarily off my guard, I believe I was about to answer him in the same language, when Smith kicked my ankle so hard that I stifled a cry . . . . but he had saved the situation.

"*Uskût!*" I hissed. "*Daraga âwala!*"

And as I spoke, Smith threw his left arm about my shoulders and held out in his right palm the seven-pointed star.

"*Ahu hîna Damballa!*" he said menacingly.

The result smacked of magic. The mulatto fell into that curious pose adopted by the women at the rest-house, his hands pressed to his breast, his head bowed. Smith gave the salute which we had noted.

We were through.

As we walked across the enclosed space toward the temple of voodoo:

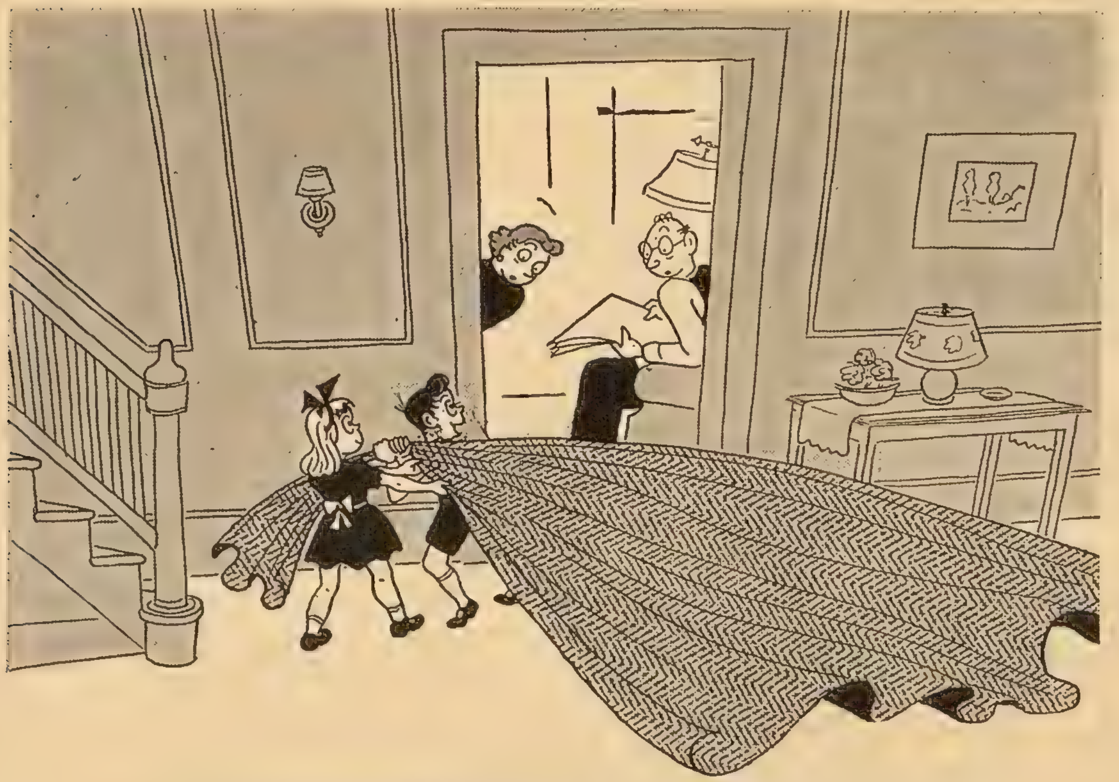
"I have taken special note of the fact," said Smith, "that owing to the position of the moon, one side of the stockade casts a complete shadow for some ten feet out from its base. That is the spot to make for."

We gained the shadow belt unmolested. Drawing a deep breath, I looked about me. There were, as I have said, many torches and some lanterns. I saw now that they were distributed in a rough circle before the building, which on closer inspection proved to be a sort of shrine embedded in the trees. Before it was a platform, or dais, flanked by tall masts resembling totem poles. Double doors, massively carved and brightly painted, gave onto this platform. Right and left of these doors, which were closed, stood two motionless figures as if sculptured in ebony. By the light of the full moon pouring down upon them, I recognized the forest lovers!

Drums, although I could not see the drummers, continued their sinister throbbing. And now, all those summoned presumably being present, torches and lanterns were extinguished. The drum throbs died away. A great voice cried out in a tongue which I had never heard spoken. The double doors swung open.

A sort of rapturous sigh passed through the multitude. With complete unanimity they dropped to their knees and bowed their heads. A woman came out into the moonlight, and I knew that she was the Queen Mamaloi. . . .

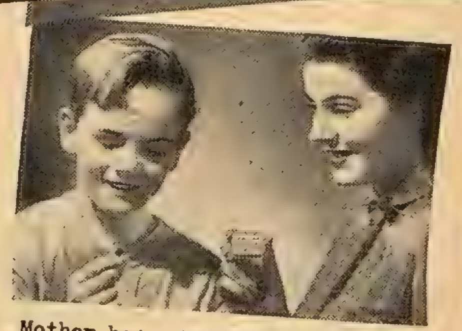
Have they reached the voodoo holy of holies only to fail in this supreme effort, or can Nayland Smith and Kerrigan pull off a stunning coup? Are two mere mortals a match for the uncanny powers about to be unloosed? Breath-taking events are just ahead in next week's Liberty—sorry, but no advance copies!



"We're bringing something to eat for a big moth in our room!"

Mrs. T----
handles a
Difficult Case

Billy raised an awful fuss today when I tried to give him a laxative. I even promised him new skates – but he just wouldn't take the stuff.



Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!

Billy slept quietly all night. This morning Ex-Lax worked fine – didn't upset him a bit. I'll never have to bribe him to take a laxative again!

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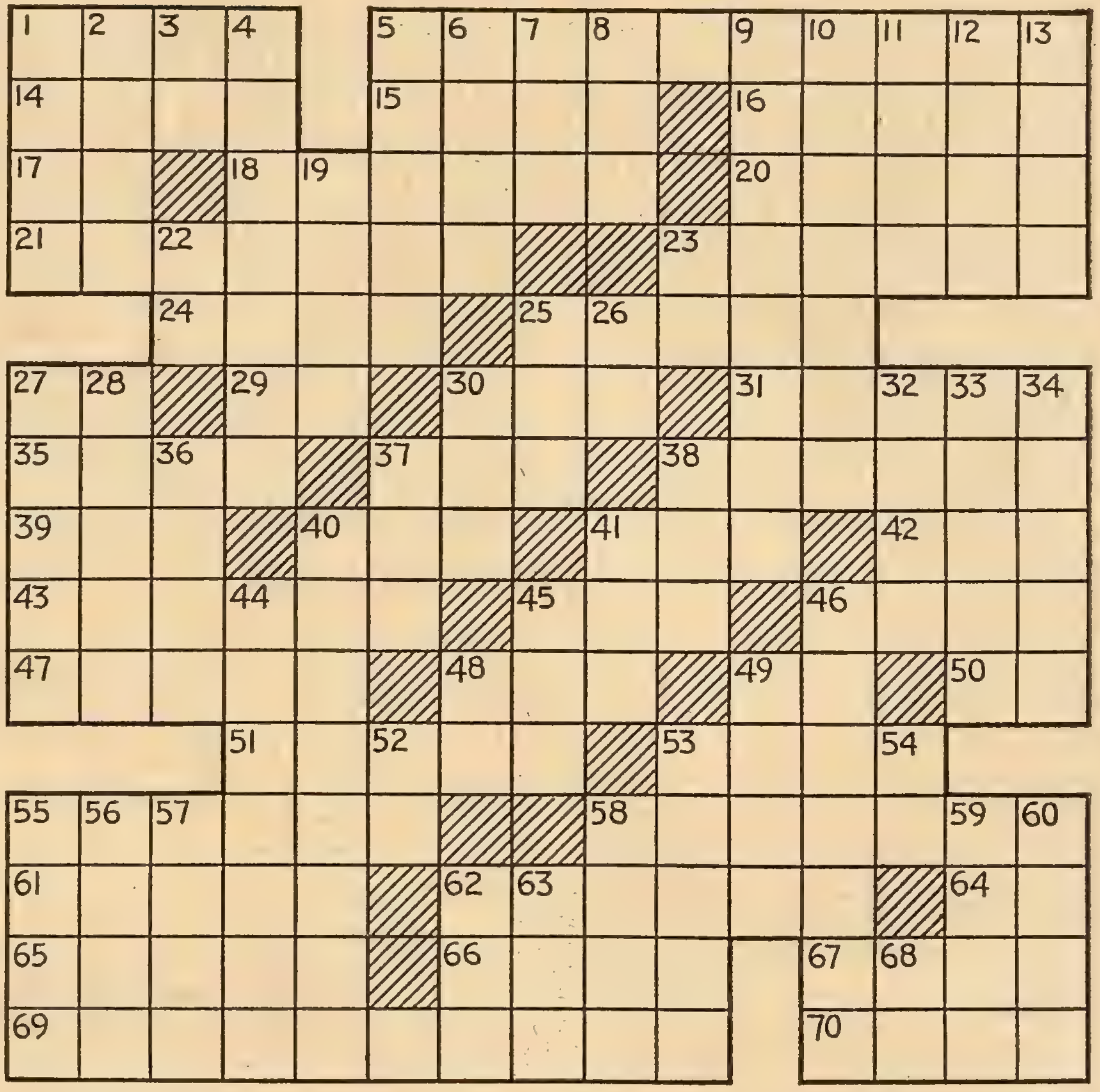
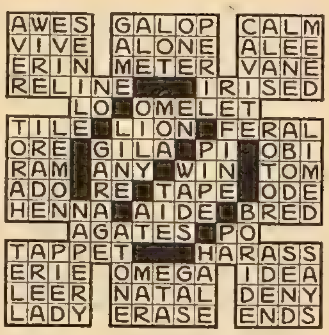
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 This was ushered in with a ringing in the ears and I trust will leave with a peaceful note
5 Living room in modern cave mansion where most Europeans spend their evenings (two words)
14 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 (two words)
15 The best thing to promise to love them for
16 I'd like to see Hitler in this (maybe he is)
17 Life is said to have its inception at this point
18 What father realizes his switchful filment with after Xmas
20 Gypped
21 How palmists tell your fortune
23 Dumb like a fox
24 Friends of France (masc.)
25 Boy, will he get plastered this year!
27 Hip lightning (abbr.)
29 Ve haff no Lebenstraum for this kind uff Ommerrican
30 This flies in battles (fem.)
31 What the mare said to her boy friend
35 Stuffing, popular with the tooth-sucking set
37 Receptacle in which a certain thing is definitely said to be
38 Something to keep you guessing
39 One end of the Axis has a blunt one
40 What some people call getting soaked at a roof garden
41 The sheep bird
42 You've got to have a lot of pull to get along with this
43 Count with a huge figure and a questionable character
45 This set jaws a-wagging in secretarial circles and was attached to a chair when the boss called
46 This has that extra something
47 Germany's place in crosswords
48 Hip plush
49 You'll find one being dragged around by the Mrs.
50 This has the Willkie sign on the map (abbr.)
51 Beautiful unarmed woman
53 Balkan
55 Snappy little thing with a glass eye (I shutter to think of how it will develop)
58 The Early thing that happened late in '40
61 What Izaak Walton dropped Mrs. Fish (two words)
62 Italian surprises
64 Connector
65 The forgotten man
66 A green spot in the ocean
67 This is long and wordy
69 What to answer when told "Anything you say will be held against you!" (two words)
70 The cook put all she had into this



AWES GALOP CALM
VIVE ALONE ALEE
ERIN METER VANE
RELINE■■■IRISED
LO■OMELET
TILE■LION■FERAL
ORE■GILA■PI■OBI
RAM■ANY■WIN■TOM
ADO■RE■TAPE■ODE
HENNA■AIDE■BRED
AGATES■PO
TAPPET■■■HARASS
ERIE OMEGA IDEA
LEER NATAL DENY
LADY ERASE ENDS

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Its days were numbered and full of woe
And few are sorry to see it go
2 F x 100 x 9
3 Short, broad female dog
4 Here's where South America sticks its neck out
5 Chief fuel U. S. navy men stoke up with
6 Roman poet
7 Moody, quarrelsome bipeds
8 Horse chokers (abbr.)
9 What Big Joe finished after he finished the Finnish
10 What the monkey who sat on the hot stove did about hot pants
11 Always used as as by them as doesn't know better
12 What to begin after a flop
13 Tear
19 What taxi drivers pray for (it's fare weather to them)
22 A distant note
23 This has been suffering from sinking spells (abbr.)
25 One of the Stein family
26 Axis Rust (abbr.)
27 The world could stand a dime's worth of this
28 Capital punishment
30 The only thing between Sally Rand and the world
32 F. D. R.'s a member of this class
33 When the glazier's dotter swallowed some, she had a pane in the stomach
34 Biblical bad man
36 Medium-sized male dogs
37 Great snorting beast, roams the country's roads scaring poor motorists
38 Kind of butter
40 How the undertakers feel when they lose a ball game to the doctors
41 This calls a halt
44 What sexagenarians get to be (you should live so long)
45 Chief product of radishes
46 Plunks in the clink
48 The end of Corfu
49 Some day they'll inherit the biggest eight-ball yet
52 No Appeasement (abbr.)
53 Curl the kisser churlishly
54 Bombunists Itch (abbr.)
55 Pocket plush
56 Wings
57 Though it would cost them nothing, few people are in favor of taxing theirs
58 Why Colgate could beat Williams
59 The people around this town sure get this way winters
60 What the Five Little Peppers did
62 Piece of glass that made good
63 Receding air
68 Ostrich Telescopes (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Nimble Fred Astaire plays the trumpet and dances with charming Paulette Goddard in the gay new jive-swing comedy, Second Chorus.

HEPBURN'S HOLLYWOOD HOMECOMING

Four stars for a deft comedy, brilliantly performed

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4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
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★ ★ ★ ★ THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash, Virginia Weidler, Henry Daniell, Lionel Pape, Rex Evans. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart based on the stage comedy by Philip Barry. Directed by George Cukor. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 112 minutes.

PHILIP BARRY wrote a sophisticated, streamlined comedy of exclusive " Main Line " Philadelphia suburban society, particularly of one Tracy Lord, who seems to be all flighty headstrong socialite gals rolled into one. Tracy's intolerant view of others has wrecked her first marriage; she is about to wed a stuffed shirt who has lifted himself by what were once called bootstraps. Into the household, aided by Tracy's husband No. 1, come a reporter and a girl photographer from Spy Magazine, one of those keyhole photographic publications.

On the night before the wedding the reporter and Tracy get tight on champagne, go swimming in the Lord family pool at 5 A. M.—and the socialite, who up to now has believed human weaknesses intolerable, suddenly realizes that her marriage-to-be is all wrong. So— But I'll not tell you the rest. Just that spoiled girls need bathing pools at dawn.

Katharine Hepburn played Tracy Lord through the long Broadway stage run; she plays her here. Her screen comeback is no mean triumph, for her performance is perfect, exactly right in mood, characterization, even little details of how to wear clothes with the exact note of smart negligence.

You'll be won by Jimmy Stewart's reporter, by Cary Grant's Hubby No. 1, particularly by little Virginia Weidler as Tracy's kid sister. George Cukor's direction is admirable, the Barry comedy is all that high comedy should be—slick, smooth, studded with clever dialogue, peopled with at least moderately intelligent humans. Here is comedy at its best. Just the thing for Mama and Papa after little Willie goes to bed. ●

VITAL STATISTICS: The stage original of this ran 52 weeks and 416 performances in New York. Director Cukor did a novel thing then. One evening, when the cast wasn't aware of the fact, he had the whole play recorded on a sound track. Thus he had a record of how the laughs came and how they were spaced. During the stage run of The Philly Story, Hepburn lost twenty pounds. Had to go on a milk diet to get back the lost weight before starting the film. By the way, it's Hepburn herself who does that jackknife dive. Wouldn't let any one double for her, and proud of it. Katharine, by the way, was thirty-one on November 9. First showed dramatic talent at Bryn Mawr College. . . . Jimmy Stewart seldom goes to see any of his completed films but he religiously watches his rushes. "Keeps you from falling into tricks or horrible mannerisms," says he. "There's no point in watching the finished product. You sit and suffer, for it's too late to do anything about anything." You never see Jimmy in a bathing suit at any time. Maybe that lean figure—or sumpin'. . . . Virginia Weidler played her first film role at the age of two, with John Barrymore in Moby Dick. That rendition of Lydia, the Tattooed Lady, is an imitation of Groucho Marx. Remember Groucho doing it in At the Circus? Marx watched Virginia do the number and sighed, "She's got designs on my job." . . . Cary Grant is Hollywood's busiest actor. Has signed contracts for sixteen pictures, carrying him up to 1946. . . . Ruth Hussey landed in Hollywood as a result of her work with a road company of Dead End, then couldn't get a chance. Finally Cukor gave her a small role in The Women, promoted her to a more important part in Susan and God. She's a Providence, Rhode Island, girl, went to Pembroke College. . . . Director Cukor started his career as assistant stage manager of The Better 'Ole, later ran a stock company at Rochester, New York. Went to Hollywood in '29 to direct the dialogue of All Quiet on the Western Front. First directorial success was with A Bill of Divorcement, which brought Hepburn to the films.

★ ★ ★ SECOND CHORUS

THE PLAYERS: Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Charles Butterworth, Artie Shaw, Frank Melton, Jimmy Conlon, Adia

Kuznetzoff, Michael Visaroff, Joseph Morevsky, Don Brodie. Screen play by Elaine Ryan, Frank Cavett, and Ian Hunter based on a story by Mr. Cavett. Directed by H. C. Potter. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 94 minutes.

FRED ASTAIRE in a jive-swing comedy, aided by decorative Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith, the latter for the first time in a screen comedy role. Astaire and Meredith play perennial seniors at one of those little colleges. They've avoided graduation for years because they have a lucrative college band in which they both play trumpet and Fred is the conductor.

When graduation at last rears its ugly scholastic head, they have a tough time of it trying to get jobs with an orchestra. But all goes well, for Astaire achieves a triumph by handling the baton for Artie Shaw's orchestra while he dances. Paulette is the girl who helps the boys with her advice, helps the picture magnificently with her eloquent charms. Pardon our momentary incoherence, but those knees rate ★★★★.

There are high spots, as the aforementioned baton dance. Then there's Paulette and Fred's terpsichorean duet. Burgess Meredith helps, Charles Butterworth is good as a wealthy tone-deaf music lover. And Artie Shaw, if you're a jive expert, is very much present with his hot clarinet and his band.

Second Chorus wears thin in spots, is overlong, but it is generally diverting.

FLYERS!

ATTENTION!

Plan to enter the Bernarr Macfadden Trophy Race, New York to Miami, January 10, 11, and 12, 1941. Entrants will be judged on mile-per-hour basis from starting point to Miami. All planes and motors to be standard marketable types. Routes to be approved in advance by Race Committee.

For complete information address

All-American Air Maneuvers,
Race Committee,
2333 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida

VITAL STATISTICS: Fred Astaire plays the piano, accordion, and clarinet—but he doesn't play the trumpet, in spite of what you think you see and hear. Meredith doesn't toot a note on the trumpet either. My spies tell me Bobby Hackett, a horn star, double-tooted for both. Note how Astaire catches and juggles that trumpet. Took lessons from Make-up Man Don Cash, once a member of the vaudeville juggling team of Cash and Carry. . . . Astaire seldom goes to a dance, dislikes ballroom terpsichore. Loves to sit and listen to orchestras playing hot tunes. That prompted him to pick this particular story. Astaire, by the way, lost eleven pounds doing the strenuous dance routines. Normally weighs 138. . . . Paulette Goddard hasn't danced before this in pictures. That three-minute number, Dig It, she does with Astaire has five solid weeks of hard work behind it. Paulette spent four hours a day with a dance instructor. Miss Goddard's very first film appearance was a flash in a Hal Roach comedy some years ago. That flash showed those eloquent legs from the knees down! . . . Charlie Butterworth landed in the film in an odd way. They picked the song, Poor Mr. Chisholm, and then had to write a Mr. Chisholm into the story. That's Charlie. . . . There's a demon property man, one Irving Sindler, at the General Service Studios (where the film was shot) whose name appears in almost every picture on which he works. If you look fast you'll glimpse a theater alley with a store window carrying the sign, Sindler and Son, Laundry. You've seen that name of Sindler in other films. In Wuthering Heights, for instance, there was a tombstone reading I. Sindler—A Good Man.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent.

★★★½—Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

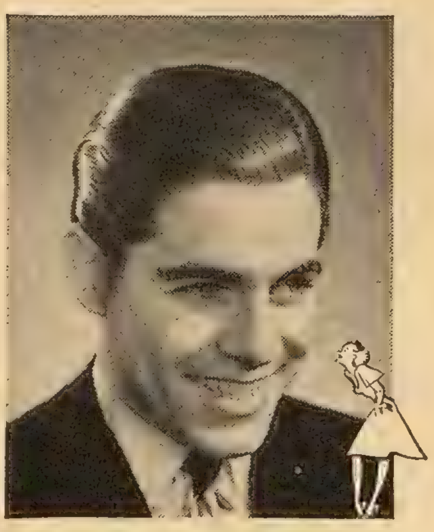
★★★—Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels Over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too.

MEN WITH A PAST

CASANOVA CARL. Wonders why girls pass him by. His hair is a howl, plastered with sticky, smelly messes that girls can't stand. Kreml greaselessly grooms hair, removes dandruff scales.

SAMSON SETH. Water-soaks his hair when combing it. His tresses always look as if they need trimming. Water removes natural oils, leaves hair dry, unruly. Kreml controls hair, relieves dryness.

BEAU BALDY. Lives a lurid romantic life in his imagination—and no place else. Originally a Casanova or a Samson or both. Too bad, Beau, Kreml and proper care could've helped you keep your hair.



MAN WITH A FUTURE. Uses his head in more ways than one. Kreml keeps his hair looking *naturally* well-groomed. Beneficial oils in Kreml, the greaseless tonic-dressing, keep your hair lustrous, soft.

GET that well-groomed look without getting your hair wet or greasy. Kreml—every day—solves your problem.

And notice how Kreml *helps* your hair by removing dandruff scales, relieving itchy scalp. And Kreml checks excessive falling hair.

Women won't let men monopolize Kreml. It keeps coiffures more manageable, especially after permanents.

Next time you ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your drugstore and barber shop—ask for Kreml Shampoo, too. It is made from an 80% olive oil base—leaves your scalp tingling clean, your hair with a soft sheen.

KREML

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

MURDER OVER BROOKLYN

Super-hoodlum

THE SEARCH FOR AMERICA'S NO. 1 CRIMINAL

They were content with a chance to spend a few hundred dollars a week on night clubs and girls.

By

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Who led the grim Syndicate of Death? Will O'Dwyer find him?

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

THE problem of what to do with the body has long intrigued professional writers of horror stories and real-life amateurs in the art of murder. It is surprising, however, to find a syndicate of death like Murder, Inc., which was organized to the highest point of efficiency in so many other respects, stumped again and again by this age-old problem.

Sinking Walter Sage's body, lashed to a sixty-pound metal slot machine, in the waters of a mountain lake did not prevent its coming quickly to light and being quickly identified. Burying Hyman Yuran in four feet of lime did not destroy the telltale bridgework in his mouth.

Then there was the case of the Shapiro brothers, competitors of certain members of the Brownsville chapter in the alky trade, which is still far from dead. Having gotten rid of the two older brothers in conventional gangster fashion, the boys thought they would do something really worth while with Willie. So they buried him alive in a Canarsie sand pit.

But modern methods of criminal investigation located Willie and dug him up; and modern methods of scientific laboratory analysis not only identified him but indicated definitely the hideous manner of his death and the exact time he had continued to live after the earth had been shoveled in upon him.

And now, as Abe "Kid Twist" Reles and Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss and Martin "Buggsy" Goldstein sat in the Reles front parlor with Irving "Puggy" Feinstein's jackknifed body on the floor in front of them, they were as far away as the veriest amateur from envisaging the perfect crime. Like many others so placed, the only thing they could think of was a can of gasoline and a torch.

MEANWHILE Bill O'Dwyer was pursuing his original purpose of dragging in every big shot and little shot he could find who seemed to have plenty of money without a known way of earning it. On the surface, this was an unspectacular, plodding method of stamping out crime, but it had gotten results so far; it might get more.

It did. Patiently Bill O'Dwyer filled in every little crevice in the cases he was building up against the Murder, Inc., killers. Then he went to trial.

Happy Maione, Dasher Abbandando, and Pittsburgh Phil Strauss had been indicted in the Rudnick case, but as the result of astute legal maneuvering by his able attorneys, Strauss obtained a severance. Bill O'Dwyer, however, was not to be stopped by any legal maneuvering. He could take care of Phil later on—and he did, as we shall see, in the Puggy Feinstein case. But right now he decided to try Happy and the Dasher.

This trial was marked by the arrogant behavior of Dasher Abbandando, who—apparently still believing in the ability of the Combination to override all due processes of law—repeatedly sneered and snarled and even spat at the presiding judge. Once his remarks and attitude became so threatening that Judge Taylor ordered an armed guard to stand between him and this defendant.

The jury, in what has been described as "practically a viva-voce unanimous verdict by acclamation," pronounced both defendants guilty of the murder of George Rudnick, and both were sentenced to die in the electric chair.

Pittsburgh Phil Strauss, in postponing his trial on this charge, was jumping from the Rudnick frying pan into the fire of the Puggy Feinstein torch murder. Bill O'Dwyer didn't bother to try him alone in the Rudnick matter but went to the jury promptly in the other case, in which Strauss was indicted along with Buggsy Goldstein. The delay, however, had given Strauss, who was almost as chinless as Maione, a chance to grow a beard.

It seems unbelievable that the carefully planned effort to drive a notorious band of murderers out of a community should have been held up more or less indefinitely while learned jurists debated the question: To shave or not to shave? But such was the case.

The able defense attorneys—and these boys had the best!—argued that Phil's refusal to shave was a sign of a mental incompetency which should save him from the death chair. O'Dwyer's office maintained that it was an obvious effort to disguise himself to prevent witnesses from identifying him at the trial. Sanity tests, in spite of a great show of babbled inanities on Strauss's part, proved the ice-pick expert to be in full possession of what his lawyers called his mind. So Big Harry, as pint-sized Reles called him, got a shave.

And perhaps before these lines are printed he may be getting another from that electric razor in Sing Sing which cuts so close, not only to the skin but to the bone.

WHEREAS Pittsburgh Phil, with his babblings and his beard, stole the tabloids' front pages in advance of the trial, Buggsy Goldstein at the trial stole the show. Maybe, as Kid Twist said, Buggsy couldn't mug a guy, but he could certainly mug for the benefit of a murder-trial audience. When Buggsy's old pal Seymour "Blue Jaw" Magoon shuffled into the courtroom and up to the witness stand to testify against him, Buggsy's act reached its climax.

"Tell the truth, Seymour!" he shrieked between sobs. "My life is at stake!"

Whereupon Seymour himself burst into tears. But, blubbering sentimentalist though he was, Blue Jaw gave damaging testimony against Killer Goldstein. Said he:

"Buggsy jumped out of the car and hollered to me and came over. He had a can in his hand and he was in a hurry. He got into my car and said: 'Duke and me burned up a guy called Feinstein. We had him in Abe's house and Abe and Harry and me killed him. Then Duke and me burned him.'"

Whereupon Buggsy jumped to his feet shouting:

"Seymour, that story is *burning* me!"

Later, after the verdict, when Buggsy began raining obscenities on the presiding judge, this star of courtroom drama did not show up so well. At curtain's drop he was being forcibly assisted from the room by two supporting actors in blue uniforms. And now Buggsy and Phil are safely in the death house.

Vito Gurino was by this time feeling pretty much neglected. The other boys were getting all the headlines. Also, since Gurino had signally failed, thanks to Bill O'Dwyer's watchfulness, in his assignment to rub out Catalano and other witnesses in the Rudnick case, he was not feeling so good himself in the company of his old pals at "the Corner."

He was scared, terribly scared. Each day, as he read the newspaper accounts of the Feinstein case, he became more scared. And if one of the boys at the Corner suddenly asked him the time of day, his fat heart practically refused to beat. There was no use flying to O'Dwyer. There was no use seeking sanctuary with former friends. He walked the streets, slept in flophouses, feared even to go home.

Finally he bethought himself of Father Quinn.

Father Francis X. Quinn was pastor of the Church of the Guardian Angels at Tenth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, Manhattan. He had just been decorated by President Roosevelt for bravery in inducing another gangster to surrender to the police. What, if anything, went through Gurino's mind in this connection is not known. Perhaps it was not his dim wit but some lawyer's sharp one which suggested what followed.

Anyhow, on the evening of September 11, one of Father Quinn's assistant pastors was disturbed at his devotions before the altar by moaning, wailing sounds issuing from the shadowy nave of the dimly lighted church. There he found writhing on the floor a shapeless, hatless, tieless, coatless, and utterly bathless 250-pound lump of flesh—the former top triggerman of Murder, Inc.

THE reverend father did not bother to call his spiritual superior. He called the police. Four officers responded. It took all four to lift Vito Gurino's globular body and carry it into the waiting squad car. His writhings were now contortions, his wailings shrieks.

He was still babbling his litany of fear when the officers carted him in before O'Dwyer. But the Judge soon had him singing another tune. He would tell all, he blubbered, in return for leniency. Would the Judge promise him leniency? The Judge would not. Then he would tell all in return for safety, the safety of prison walls. The Judge had no hesitancy about promising him that. He was due to get it anyway—and plenty.

Gurino had little to tell that O'Dwyer did not already know. Nevertheless, it was a bit for the book that Gurino admitted, without hope of reward in the way of clemency, that he had committed at least three murders himself and had been implicated in four others. Like Reles', his killings had come so fast that he could not remember offhand the names of all of his victims. One of them he was able to identify only as "a gentleman from Connecticut."

The point to be emphasized at the moment is that Vito Gurino, self-confessed murderer, although not yet formally tried, should soon be on his way to join his former cronies—Happy Maione, Dasher Abbandando, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss, and Buggsy Goldstein—in the Sing Sing death house.

Meanwhile Bill O'Dwyer does not delude himself with the idea that his work of crushing the existing Brooklyn death syndicate is finished or will be finished until the top man is found and sent to the Sing Sing hot seat.

AND who is this top man, this murderer supreme? Ask O'Dwyer! "We have been through quite an education on this thing ourselves," is the modest way he puts it. "First, we thought it was just racketeering in one or two districts here in Brooklyn. Then we realized that there was a gang rigged up to do murder jobs for others. Finally we saw that the thing covered the whole country, and that it was as well organized and tightly knit from coast to coast as a sort of mutual benefit association."

In the first period, O'Dwyer and his staff thought Reles was the big boss. It was the natural thing to think in the circumstances; certainly no such bizarre developments as have since taken place could have been envisaged—at least, none ever have been envisaged—by a prosecuting official anywhere, any time. Then, when Reles said that he had committed his eleven murders on orders from Big Al Anastasia, the water-front racketeer, O'Dwyer naturally suspected that Anastasia was the boss of Murder, Inc. Investigation of Anastasia's methods in terrorizing the Brooklyn harborside certainly did nothing to dispel this suspicion. However, as the trial went on and on, there loomed larger and more menacing the figure of Louis Capone, the mystery man of Murder, Inc.

Al Capone was a Brooklyn hoodlum before he was a Chicago hoodlum. Louis Capone is a Brooklyn hoodlum now. At least, he was before Bill O'Dwyer caught up with him on the trail of Murder, Inc. There is no scientific instrument for measuring sinisterness in hoodlums, but if absolute power over life and death and the willingness to use that power ruthlessly be accepted as a criterion, the Capone who went to Chicago is outclassed by the Capone who stayed at home.

"Not a crime was committed by the Reles-Maione mob," said Bill O'Dwyer, "that Louis Capone did not have a hand in."

By his achievements, therefore, this mystery man of Murder, Inc. deserves a spot in the very deepest cavern of crime, but you would never have guessed it if you had ever met the distinguished-looking Mr. Capone in the drawing room of his Brooklyn home.

These murder-for-hire boys did very well for themselves—for a while. The minor chieftains like Maione and Strauss were content with a few hundred dollars a week and a chance to spend them on night clubs and girls, mostly girls. But the bigger shots went in for a more "respectable" way of life.

QU20ESTIONS

On this quiz, score yourself as follows:

1- 4 correct	Duffer
5- 9 correct	Amateur
10-15 correct	Pro
16-20 correct	Champ

1—What famous little girl recently made a radio address to thousands of other children scattered throughout the world, and what was the occasion?

2—What is the oldest branch of the military service in the U. S.?

3—What, according to tradition, is the origin of that 100-per-cent American word "bunk"?

4—The new "supercyclotron" at the University of California has equipment weighing 9,800,000 pounds, housed in a large new building. Why does this make its purpose rather paradoxical?

5—Crocodile tears are sham tears. Can you say whether the crocodile actually sheds any tears, and if not, how did he get mixed up in this expression?

6—On what new highway in the United States can you travel for 160 miles at 75 miles an hour without getting a ticket?

7—Who is Hynkel, and what beloved personality portrays him?

8—Are there any women on active sea service in the United States navy?

9—Why do they call it "red tape"?

10—If the top sides of a pair of dice add up to eleven, what do the bottom sides, opposite the top, add up to?

11—What is the only walled city in North America?

12—When you speak of a verse of poetry, to how many lines are you properly referring?

13—In American history, Fort McHenry is most famous for what?

14—Direct telephone service between the U. S. and a foreign nation was recently reopened, for the first time since 1936. What was the nation?

15—Are members of Congress liable to be drafted?

16—What does the mockingbird mock?

17—"Green," "yellow," and "red" are well known to America's motorists and pedestrians. What new meaning have they taken on in Britain?

18—Why has the planet Mars a particularly appropriate name?

19—In what territory of the United States is private ownership of land forbidden?

20—When a politician speaks of a "dumbbell district," does he mean a district where the people have no sense? If not, what does he mean?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

Anastasia's mansion is a two-by-four as compared with Louis Capone's. The latter's is not so prominently placed. Ocean Parkway was a bit too exposed for the activities carried on by Louis Capone. A site a couple of blocks off Kings Highway, on a corner, where he could peer out through heavily barred windows in several directions, filled the bill for Louis. And what he lacked in prominence he made up in elegance.

The bars across his windows were not ordinary bars. That would have been too reminiscent of the old days when he was a delegate of the Plasterers' and Hod Carriers' Union and got shot by another member and was himself accused of murder, only to be discharged for "lack of evidence." These bars were elaborate, big-bellied affairs, de luxe specimens of the ironmaster's art, but which, for all their decorative appearance, served to make the ground floor of Louis Capone's mansion a veritable fortress.

THE elaborate Italian gardens surrounding this brick-and-iron edifice were also decorative in design, and so were the substantial brick walls with which they were themselves surrounded. But by pressing a button in the shadowy interior of his mansion, the mystery man could flood these gardens and their encircling walls and the near-by thoroughfares with blinding floodlights.

Inside the house, decoration ran riot. Period furniture crowded the rooms, costly linen the closets. There were, for example, ten table sets made in a convent in Wales. These have been appraised at $1,500 a set. But again the useful was not forgotten. Not all the luxurious hardwood panels which lined the walls of the Capone residence were solid; behind some of them, when necessity called, strange cargo could find temporary abode.

Bill O'Dwyer isn't in a position to tell all he knows about Louis Capone, lest it interfere somehow with all he intends to *do* about him. So at present this Capone—no relation of Al Capone—is merely Exhibit A in O'Dwyer's growing collection of higher-ups in Murder, Inc.

Exhibit B is Joe Adonis, co-director with Albert Anastasia of the water-front horror.

Like most of the big boys of the Combination, Joe made his reputation and fortune in the bootlegging business. Since bootlegging gave way to boondoggling, he has eked out a living in various fields. Whether murder for hire is to be added to the list of them—or, rather, whether it can be pinned on him to an indictable degree—remains to be seen. For O'Dwyer must wait for his chance at Joe until the State of New York, which is holding him for trial on other charges, has finished with him.

Meanwhile Bill, who even amid grimness has not lost his sense of humor, gets a big kick out of the fact that Adonis is defined by Webster as "A beautiful youth, born of a myrrh tree."

Lepke Buchalter, the clothing-union racketeer, third, and regarded by some as most important, of the so-called "Big Three," is already in Bill O'Dwyer's receptive hands. And if Lepke "sings" in the Ferreri case, it will be singing that Bill O'Dwyer, famed authority on Spanish music, will be delighted to hear. For when Bill gave up his comfortable judgeship to accept the troublous post of District Attorney, he made his position on one point unmistakably clear: "I'll follow every trail, and wherever it leads, I'll go."

It is doubtful, however, if even Bill O'Dwyer realized to what tests his sincerity would be put. Let us look at one or two examples of how he has kept this promise of his and sustained his reputation for being an absolutely fearless square shooter on his own field of battle.

TOO often in prosecutors' offices there is a tacit understanding that when citizens occupying high positions, especially in industrial or labor organizations or in the public service, are likely to be offended by publicity, the prosecutor and his staff will find some way to justify avoiding the issue and politely looking the other way.

But not O'Dwyer!

One of these cases involved him in newspaper conflict — which is most distasteful to Bill, who believes in trying his cases in court—with no less a person than Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

LaGuardia had opposed O'Dwyer's election as District Attorney. So, for that matter, had many well meaning folk, who felt that no man who went into that particular office with the endorsement of the Brooklyn Democratic machine could do the job that was required of him. Of course, if they had looked at Bill O'Dwyer's record, they would have known that he meant what he said when he told the electorate during the campaign:

"I am the Democratic Party's candidate for District Attorney, but I shall not be the Democratic Party's District Attorney. I have no use for any man who accepts public office and then turns around in gratitude to politicians or political groups of any party, violates his oath of office, and stultifies himself. You cannot do that and live with your conscience. I will not."

To Mayor LaGuardia's credit it should be said that he was one of the few "reformers" who, after the election, seemed to recognize the sincerity of O'Dwyer's promises and intentions. At least, he was properly co-operative. He even offered to have the WPA build Bill a new jail.

"No," said Bill, "let's not spend the money on a jail. Let's spend it on recreation grounds or hospitals."

"But you have two in a cell over there in Brooklyn," said His Honor.

"I know," said Bill; "but I'll agree to have only one in a cell within six months."

What actually happened was that within *four* months Bill had two hundred *vacant* cells in the Brooklyn jail. How had he done it? That was easy —for Bill. Instead of allowing cases to drag along indefinitely, with defendants and material witnesses cluttering up the jail and eating at the taxpayers' expense, Bill tried the cases. It took six grand juries to bring in all the indictments he found, and it took day-and-night effort by him and his staff to prepare and try all these causes for action—but by May 1, four months after the day when Bill took office, the job was done.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 55

1—Princess Elizabeth of England, to encourage evacuated English children in other lands.

2—The Marine Corps, constituted in 1775.

3—A congressman from the county of Buncombe, N. C., made a pointless speech in Congress in 1820 because, as he said, his constituents expected him to "speechify." Whence, according to legend, comes "bunk."

4—Because it has been built for the study of the atom, which is so small that it has never been seen by the naked eye.

5—The crocodile sheds no tears but, according to old stories, he does emit a moaning sound which was supposed to attract victims to him to see what was wrong. Then he would eat the victim.

6—On the new toll highway from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh, Pa. The official speed limit is 50, and if you go over 75, an officer may warn you to slow up a bit.

7—He is the dictator played by Charlie Chaplin in the motion picture The Great Dictator.

8—Yes—a group of nurses on the U. S. S. Relief, floating hospital of the Pacific fleet. The Relief goes with the fleet on maneuvers and would be on hand in case of battle.

9—Members of the English bar often tied up their legal papers with red tape. Because of this connection with the legal profession, "red tape" came to be the expression for cumbersome procedure.

10—Three. The top and bottom sides of a dice always add up to seven.

11—Quebec.

12—A verse is properly a single line of poetry.

13—Francis Scott Key was inspired to write The Star-Spangled Banner when the fort, part of the defense of Baltimore, Md., threw back an attack by the British.

14—Spain, where the transatlantic service was suspended because of the civil war.

15—Under the present law they are exempt.

16—It is famed for its ability to imitate the songs of other birds.

17—"Air-raid-warning green" means the raiders are going away; "yellow" means they're en route and get ready to duck; "red" means they've arrived and duck pronto.

18—Because Mars is the god of war, and the planet is red, like anger and the battlefield.

19—In the Canal Zone.

20—He refers to the physical shape of the district. Many districts are cut into "dumbbell" and other curious geometric shapes by one party or the other, in order to get a majority in the district for the party that does the cutting up.

This performance was doubtless most satisfactory to LaGuardia, who is a man of action himself. As for O'Dwyer, he thought he had shown every willingness to co-operate with the Mayor. Even opposition newspapers, which had been critical of him as a candidate, had all come around to compliment him on his performance as a prosecutor. He had every reason to believe that no one, whatever he might feel about Bill's method in some particular case, could possibly question his motives.

Then something happened.

Bill has a brother, Frank, who is a fruit buyer for a New York wholesale concern. His job is to range the great West—Arizona, Colorado, parts of California—in search of choice fruits for the New York market, and Bill's greatest relaxation has long been to run away whenever possible from the marts of crime and do a little ranging with Brother Frank. So, come late summer of 1940, with no prospect of a real vacation, Bill flew West for a week-end with Frank out in the orchard country.

When he returned, he was met at the airport by one of his faithful assistants. "Judge," said this man, "there's something going on over at the Queens County Jail."

This was the institution, you will recall, into which Vito Gurino had been able in some mysterious manner to ease his fat body for the purpose of intimidating a material witness in the George Rudnick ice-pick murder.

"They've planted a guy in the cell next to Charley Farley," said the assistant, "and the two of them have been having long confidential talks."

Farley, said to be a nephew of the late Sheriff Tom "Tin Box" Farley, who figured so prominently in the news back in Jimmy Walker's day as Mayor, had been indicted by O'Dwyer for the murder of Patrolman Nicholas C. Moreno in a gasoline-station hold-up, and was then awaiting trial on that charge.

"Who is this fellow?" asked the Judge.

"They say he's a fugitive from justice, but I think he's a cop."

"What do his commitment papers say?"

"I don't think there are any commitment papers."

O'Dwyer made as if to whistle, but didn't. He wasn't going to waste his breath on LaGuardia Field air. Instead, he applied for a court order requiring the appearance before him for questioning of "Anthony Russo," alleged fugitive from justice.

Now, Bill is a fairly persuasive citizen when it comes to the question-and-answer business. He has broken the whole Murder, Inc., situation largely by his ability to get even the most hardened criminals to tell the truth. But "Russo" he could not move. So he took him before the grand jury, and just as they were about to enter the jury room, he pointed to the book in which witnesses who wish to do so may sign their waivers of immunity. For civilians this signing is optional. For policemen it is obligatory.

"In case you haven't been telling me the truth," said Bill in his gentlest tones, "and really are a cop, I think I should inform you that failure to sign that book means that you automatically cease to be a member of the New York Police Department."

Whereupon the young man broke down completely, admitted that he was not a fugitive from justice, that his name was not Anthony Russo, that he was in fact Probationary Patrolman Adam D'Alessandro, and that he had been assigned to his stool-pigeoning activities in the Queens County Jail on orders from his superiors, who, it later transpired, had acted under personal instructions from Mayor LaGuardia. Obviously some one, somewhere down the line; had made a most unfortunate mistake.

According to newspaper statements, the Mayor said that he was under the impression that the murder charge against Farley had been dismissed, whereas what had happened is what happens in many such cases. The short affidavit on which Farley and his companion were first held was withdrawn on the District Attorney's request, and the two youths were held on a minor charge to enable him to pursue his investigation of a third suspect without showing his hand to defense attorneys. Then, when the investigation was completed and it was safe to do so, both men were indicted for the murder.

With this installment, Liberty's account of District Attorney Bill O'Dwyer's triumphant fight against Murder, Inc., as far as that fight has gone at this writing, is concluded. But not—not by any means—Liberty's interest in the matter, and particularly in the Guido Ferreri case, which is one of the great crime mysteries of Brooklyn. In fact, your old friend and informant Fred Allhoff has been turned loose on that case by Liberty—so you can look forward to hearing all about it from Mr. Allhoff in an early issue!

Also, in his systematic investigation of every unsolved murder case in the decade preceding his entry into office, O'Dwyer reached in due course—on April 11, 1940—the case of a clothing manufacturer named Guido Ferreri, who was shot and killed following labor troubles in connection with his Brooklyn plant.

District Attorney O'Dwyer, of course, will not discuss this case—and very properly, because it is still a matter of investigation in his office. However, it appears from newspaper accounts and other sources that the Ferreri family had been in the boys' clothing business for thirty-four years. In 1931 John Ferreri, aged thirty-three, and his brother Guido, aged twenty-six, operated two factories, one in Brooklyn and one in Paterson, New Jersey. The one in Brooklyn had been a union shop and the one in Paterson nonunion, until difficulties arising out of an unsuccessful attempt by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America to unionize the latter were followed by the Ferreris' decision to make both shops nonunion.

Followed other difficulties for the Ferreris, and about three weeks later Guido Ferreri was shot and killed.

This situation—since the Ferreri brothers had so recently been on the unpopular side of an argument with a powerful labor union — involved possible embarrassments, which would have stayed the hand of a prosecutor less intrepid than Bill. Organized labor, we all know, is a factor in the life of every public official. But it has been much more than that in Bill O'Dwyer's life. Bill was a hod carrier before he was a cop. He is proud of the union card which he still holds. As a magistrate and as a county judge, he steadfastly refused to have his court used as a weapon against the workingman.

"What is he charged with?" he once asked an officer who brought before him a harmless-looking individual who was said to be a disturber of the peace.

"He raised his voice in song," said the cop.

The Judge, who is a great music lover, was immediately interested. "What song?" he asked.

"Something about a union card and a picket line — not a popular song."

"Well," laughed the Judge, "that seems to be a very popular song nowadays. I think I'll have to dismiss the case."

All of which is merely by way of showing that Bill O'Dwyer's attitude toward organized labor (of which the great Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America were leading members) was just about as sympathetic as any man's attitude could be. But he did not forget his pledge:

"I'll follow every trail, and wherever it leads, I'll go."

That the trail in this case may lead to Lepke Buchalter, the notorious clothing-union racketeer already serving a term in a federal penitentiary, would seem to the layman a natural supposition. Lepke has already been indicted by O'Dwyer for the murder of Morris Diamond and Joseph Rosen, two killings which were extremely reminiscent in technical details of the brutal murder of Guido Ferreri.

But if any one thinks that Bill O'Dwyer thinks that Lepke is the top man of Murder, Inc., and if that person is sleeping soundly these nights in that belief, he should have seen Bill's face when the idea was last suggested to him.

"Lepke?" he said. "He's nothing but a thug. Some one paid him. I'm going to find out who."

And in that last sentence you have the essence of Bill O'Dwyer's crusade against Murder, Inc., the Syndicate of Death!

THE END

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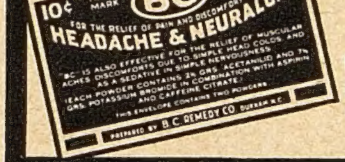
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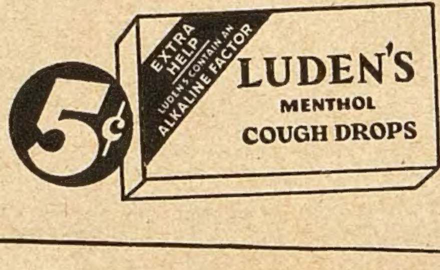

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The Private Diary of Our Ambassador to Hitler

FULTON OURSLER

WE BEGIN next week the publication of an historical document; one that will be of interest not only to every intelligent American living today but to generations unborn. William E. Dodd is dead. Americans still remember his patience and his courage during the years that he served as our Ambassador in Berlin. They remember, too, how he was recalled to this country, ostensibly for consultation but actually as a rebuke to the German leader for the atrocious behavior of himself and the government which he dominated. Mr. Dodd is gone from us, but he has left behind the legacy of a remarkable diary.

IT BEGAN ONE MORNING when he was at work in the University of Chicago. The telephone rang. Franklin D. Roosevelt was calling to ask Mr. Dodd if he would leave the quiet and peace of a university post to take up the delicate and difficult task of representing the United States of America to the Nazi government. From then on Dodd confided his experiences, his bewilderment, his shocks, his sense of outrage to these pages of his diary—record of his work among the Germans. I am not promising you here a series of scandals, of indiscretions. I am not even promising you the kind of highly flavored brilliant journalese which you will find in the writings of foreign correspondents and commentators. Mr. Dodd was a thoughtful and earnest man. He set down his thoughts sometimes prosily, and again with a kind of inspired and dynamic simplicity. Always he set down the truth, and in temperate language, but undoubtedly with the feeling that he was living in the midst of history. He must have known that the time would come when these intimate matters, which he wrote down in the privacy of his study, would be printed so that men and women could share his opportunity to watch Germany making ready to strike at world freedom. He was a man who was sometimes betrayed but not often deceived. He saw clearly. They didn't treat him any too well. They gave him what the man on the street calls "the run-around."

THEY OPENED HIS MAIL. They spied on him. And they lied to him. Nevertheless, he knew Hitler for what he was. Years ago he foresaw with great clarity the war that was being prepared, and why Germany was resolved to provoke that war. The office of his Embassy was like a stage on which many strange actors appeared—William C. Bullitt, who talked too much; and Dorothy Thompson, within a few hours to be chucked out of Germany. Reading Mr. Dodd's diary is like living through a vivid human experience. Time and time again one comes face to face with Hitler, a man of moods, excitable, unpredictable, supremely sure. One meets Göring again and again and observes his pleasure in changing uniforms. All the famous figures of Germany, diplomats from other countries whispering state secrets to each other, distinguished American visitors, each with his own ax to grind—one wants to sell planes, another munitions, a third to collect debts—they all come to Mr. Dodd. He does his best. He is there pitted against a vast ruthless machine, not all the parts of which are visible.

THIS DIARY IS A LONG ONE. It would be impossible for Liberty to give you all of it, but we have made selections of the more important episodes, from the first entry to the last. In years to come there will be many such private documents published, so that the world may know what was going on behind the scenes. In their old age, Churchill will write, and Reynaud; perhaps Mussolini and Hitler too. God only knows what Chamberlain left behind him. These disclosures all lie in the future. We may live to read them, or they may be held back for our children or grandchildren. Some of them may never see the light of day. But here, I am tempted to believe, is the first great private document of our world's history to reach the public. It is with a sense of pride, a feeling that our readers will better understand events after reading this diary, that we offer it in Liberty next week.

THERE WILL BE MANY other exciting and interesting features in next week's Liberty. Run your eye down this list of contents: Where Are the Chorus Girls of Yesteryear? by Edward Doherty; Turkey Defies the Lightning, by Nilla Cram Cook; Sex Appeal vs. Swastika, by Barbara Wake; Champ or Chump? by Fritzie Zivic; Melody's Screwball, by Carleton Smith; An Aviation Quiz by Swanee Taylor; and a brace of good short stories: O Lady, Why Not Melt? by Martha Ostenso, and You've Got to Be Tough, by Frank Richardson Pierce. There will be generous installments of Death Waits for a Lady, and Dr. Fu Manchu, and all your favorite departments.

SALMAGUNDI: J. O. Lasher, advertising director of the American Chain and Cable Company, Incorporated, has put out a patriotic button. It shows a portrait of Uncle Sam—an excellent likeness, I fancy—with the line underneath: "I am proud he is my uncle." All royalties from the sale of this button are donated by Mr. Lasher to the American Red Cross.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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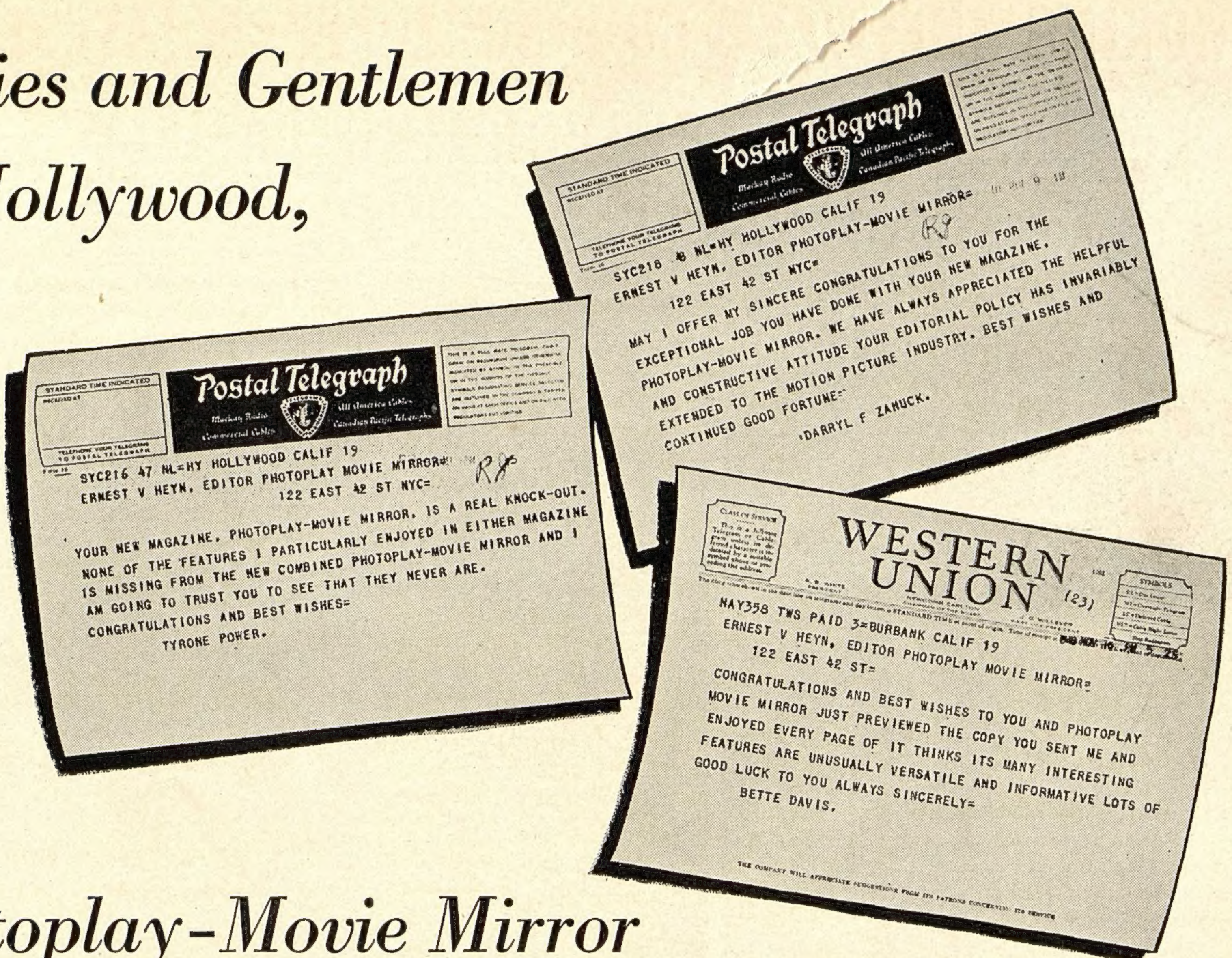
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

CALENDAR COVER BY A. BONAGURA

Ladies and Gentlemen of Hollywood,



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(23)

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Another Great Issue Is Now Off the Presses

In it you will find in addition to the facts, information and gossip of the studios that make Hollywood a fascinating topic everywhere, among others such titles as City of Lonely Girls in which a writer who must remain anonymous charges that because most screen heroes are spoiled, Hollywood single girls spend lonely lives—The Girl Who Learned to Dress, a heart to heart description of what Carole Lombard found out about clothes that every girl will want to read—Red Headed Rebel, beginning the life story of Greer Garson—Hollywood Who's Who, With a Difference by Hedda Hopper—Here's Where I Live, by Brenda Joyce—Act of Providence, the story of Ruth Hussey's success—Life of Lynn, a personality story about the inimitable Jeffrey.

Pictorially in addition to the wealth of illustrative material on every page, we give you four-color portraits of Ginger Rogers and Tyrone Power—two-color portraits of Madeleine Carroll and Hedy Lamarr—roto galleries of Ray Milland, Constance Moore and Myrna Loy—not forgetting a fashion section devoted to Linda Darnell and a story on Rita Hayworth with more eye-filling pictures.

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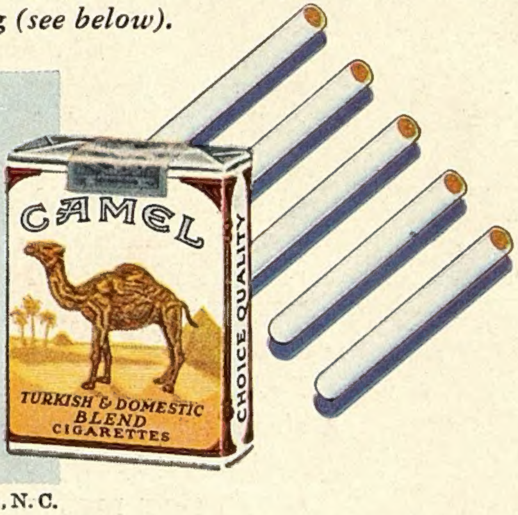
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